

Children's Newspaper, March 10, 1928

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 468

Week Ending
MARCH 10, 1928

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Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny Every Thursday 2d.

THE GALLANT SPIRIT OF MARY DAVIES

WHAT HINKLER TOLD HIS MOTHER ACROSS THE WORLD IN SIXTEEN HOPS

Most Wonderful Journey Ever Made to the Southern Continent LONDON TO HIS MOTHER'S GATE

Any boy can guess what would make the best story in the world. It is the story that Bert Hinkler told his mother.

She would sit in her chair with shining eyes listening to this young son of hers who was a little boy only the other day, and she would hardly be able to believe that he had come all those 12,000 miles from England to see her in her little house at Bundaberg in Queensland.

She would not say very much—just a question here and there, such as: "And what did you do when you came down at Rome?" Or "Why didn't you have a good meal, myson, before you left Java for that long journey over the sea?" And Bert, scarcely listening, would hurry on with, "Well, you see it was like this, mother."

The First Day

All the enthralling little things that nobody else ever hears he would tell about the flight to his mother. How he went at one jump from Croydon to Rome. A long spell that; twelve hours it took him. Yes, Mother, he supposed he did see the Coliseum, but he did not take much notice of it. You had to be careful about coming down in those foreign aerodromes.

His first long hop across the sea was from Malta; but he took it all right (said Bert Hinkler, drawing a long breath) and came down among the natives at Benghazi. That was in Africa; and it was funny to be in an Avro-Cirrus plane and see the Arabs in their white clothes with their donkeys.

Across the Desert

No; there was no time to stop. He meant to get to Bundaberg in three weeks if he could; so, after seeing that his bus was in proper trim—he never let anyone touch it but himself—off he went for Ramleh. Ramleh; that was a little town in Palestine where they make cotton and soap. It is not far from Jerusalem; he could have hopped over in half an hour, but there was a long day before him next morning, all the way up Palestine, and round the corner and back again to Basra.

Not such a trying spin as some. The airway was pretty well marked out by the regular plane service. He went along it like a bird. Below was the brown desert, more dried up than the dun plains of Queensland in a drought, with black and white specks on it here and there. Caravans or Bedouin tents, maybe. But there was a railroad to Bagdad which he could follow, and then a broad river rolling down to Basra on the Persian Gulf, the Euphrates.

The Daffodils Are Here Again



At this time of the year daffodils are in full bloom in Cornwall, and large quantities are sent to the markets all over England. Here we see two girls in old-fashioned bonnets picking the flowers which grow in such profusion near Land's End.

And wasn't it hot at Basra! Phew! Moist heat. But a busy place. He was off next morning at dawn.

That was where his luck came in. The good old bus never back-fired on him once. For two days she had done 800 miles a day, and now came up smiling for another 800 down to Jask on the Gulf. That was the last stop before India. When the plane glided down, ever so sweetly, at Karachi, then the half-way house had come, and the plains of India were before him.

Calcutta to Rangoon with the tinkly temple bells; that was not so easy as anyone might think because it was a cut across the Bay of Bengal. However, there were no cyclones to stop him. He made it in a day.

Then coasting down to Singapore, and over a million islands of the Straits of Karimata till you come to Java. Perhaps not quite a million islands, but as many as there are in the Coral Sea; and bigger. No time to look at them. And at last the plane, 10,000 miles left behind of land and sea, settled down like a butterfly at Bima.

Here, perhaps, was Bert Hinkler's

first stop as he told the tale to his mother. For when he came to Bima the last lap of his miraculous journey lay before him. If he could leap that without mishap he would have won through. Fifteen days the luck had held like a favouring wind. The sixteenth lay before him. Would disaster burst on him out of the clouds on that last journey over an uncharted sea? Well, here goes! He took a drink of water and started off again.

Sixteen days non-stop except for the night's sleep, sixteen hops across the world, and he was in the land where he was born, at his mother's gate.

It is not a mere coincidence that the other boy whose flight startled the world, Lindbergh of America, said as his first words when he came down, "Somebody please tell Mother." Everyone has some motive behind the great feats which he has the skill, the courage, the endurance to perform, and it is far less often the wish for fame than the hope that those who love them shall think well of them. The world will always go well while a boy's first love is his mother.

See World Map and page 7

AN UNKNOWN SOLDIER OF THE WAR SAVING THOUSANDS OF LIVES

Gallant Mary Davies and Her Service to Her Country

HEROIC NURSE'S SPIRIT

One of the unknown soldiers of the war, who fought not to kill but to save, has just died.

She was Mary Davies, a nurse at the hospital at Neuilly, and but for her death while still young she would perhaps have never been remembered as a heroine of science.

Yet she dared a painful death to save the soldiers who came into the American hospital where she was working under Dr. Taylor. Many of these, poor fellows, were brought in with deep shell wounds. These wounds were followed often by tetanus, often by a deadly mortification which, because of its symptoms, was called gas gangrene.

It was suspected that this particular condition of the wound, which was nearly always deadly, was caused by a special bacillus. If the bacillus could be found, and its effects proved, a cure might be found for it and administered.

The Final Proof

Dr. Taylor had made many experiments with bacilli which had come from the wounds, but it is always difficult to be sure in these cases that the right bacillus has been found. The final proof is to inoculate a human being with it. That is a most dangerous thing to do, because the person inoculated may die.

Miss Davies took the risk. She knew all about it. She was a student of bacteriology. She inoculated herself twice with a preparation of the bacillus, retired to bed, and sent a note to the doctor telling him what she had done.

Dr. Taylor immediately came round and injected the chemicals which ought, in his belief, to act as a remedy. For a day and a night the result trembled in the balance. Then Miss Davies was pronounced to be out of danger. In her own person she had proved the remedy and its value. Its use after that saved thousands of lives.

The brave nurse refused to take any honour or acknowledgment of the noble thing she had done; to her it was all in the day's work. All she desired was that the subject of the disease should be further investigated. Now she has passed away, but her heroic spirit will live on.

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE

A cat patient at the Salford branch of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals has formed a remarkable friendship with a mouse which she caught a year ago. Whenever the cat is at home the mouse plays with her, running over her back with glee and showing not the least fear of her formidable playmate.

WONDERFUL ARCH OF THE TYNE

HOW IT WAS THROWN ACROSS

The Mighty Span That Will
Carry the Great North Road

STEPHENSON'S BRIDGE HAS A NEW NEIGHBOUR

We give on another page a picture of the wonderful new suspension bridge now being built across the deep canyon in which the River Tyne flows between Newcastle and Gateshead.

The bridge is unlike the ordinary suspension bridge, for, instead of being suspended from chains between two high towers, it is suspended from a gigantic steel arch resting on the quaysides far below. The arch, said to be the longest in the country, weighs 4000 tons. It has a span of 530 feet, and reaches a height of 200 feet above the river at its centre. The carriageway suspended from it, which is to carry the Great North Road, will be 84 feet above high water and will be 38 feet wide with nine-foot footways on either side.

The Foundations

The amazing thing is that this mighty archway is being built without any support below, a feat which seems quite impossible at the first glance. This is how it is being done.

First the foundations, were sunk in the quaysides, four masses of steel and concrete, two on either side, reaching down to the solid rock 70 feet below. Then the approaches were built, two huge triangles of steel each of 1500 tons, with their bases on the precipitous banks of the river. From the ends of these huge cranes have been used to complete the arch section by section, each section weighing 25 tons.

Supported by Cables

It would seem as if cranes so placed and so employed must inevitably tear the whole thing down from its mooring on the bank, and so no doubt they would if they had no other support. But before the arch got far two huge steel masts were built up above the end of each approach, and from the top of these 16 cables were taken to sure anchorages on land. It is these masts which, by means of other cables, have taken the weight of the growing arch. In the faith of their support, the mighty cranes crept farther and farther out above the river as section was added to section, playing a sort of game of leap-frog with each other as they followed one by one into position.

The Strain Disappears

Now, after two years, the central section of the arch has been dropped into its place to the accompaniment of the firing of rockets and ringing cheers on both sides of the river. There was a space of an inch between the two halves of the bridge, and when the time came for lowering the arches the cables holding them were slowly slackened and the bridge closed as silently and smoothly as a child might close a gate.

The moment that was done the strain on masts and cables, and on the approaches themselves, disappeared as if by magic; and the added pressure of the suspended road and of the roton loads it is to be allowed to take will only press the whole construction more firmly in its place.

There it will stand, only a few hundred yards from Robert Stephenson's historic High Level Bridge, a dramatic witness to the progress of engineering science since that great achievement.

A DEAR OLD MAN OF PARIS

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

A Poor Man Who Became
Rich in All Good Things

ROMANCE OF HIS SHOPS

Old Ernest Cognacq is dead. Many days and well spent were his; and all the people of the French shops he had built, great and small, tempting the thrifty to come in and buy at the Samaritaine Stores, followed him with sorrow to the grave.

He had been poor who died rich and he was richer in good works than in the enjoyment of riches. He made all who served in his shops share in the profits. Thousands of others shared his income, for half of it went to charitable institutions and homes of rest for workers.

Seeking His Fortune

There is nobody better than a good Frenchman, perhaps not even a good Englishman, and old Cognacq was one of the best. He was just the sort of industrious boy who gets on because he actually likes work. At 15 he came to Paris to seek his fortune, but found the streets paved with so little gold that he nearly starved before he earned a franc.

Years went by before he could save one. He was 28 before he had got 5000 francs together, and he opened a shop with this small capital.

That was sixty years ago, when the first Paris Exhibition promised fortunes for everybody. But poor M. Cognacq lost all his money and had to begin again. Nothing daunted, he presently took another shop near the Pont Neuf, and with a happy thought put over it as a sign the words on the fountain in the square, A La Samaritaine. It brought him luck. The tide seemed to have turned—and then came the Franco-German War, which stranded him again.

No Holiday for 50 Years

But after he had served as a soldier and survived the siege of Paris he came back unconquered to his counter, and now, looking about him for someone with diligence and courage like his own, he took Mademoiselle Louise from the Bon Marché to become Madame Cognacq at A La Samaritaine.

They never looked back. They formed a working alliance. They never took a holiday for fifty years. Their shops, which grew bigger and bigger as one was added to another, were their pride, their pleasure, their task, their recreation. Not a day went past but they were in one or another.

Half to Charity

Of course they became rich, but they went on living in just a comfortable way. Half what they made went in charity. Most of the rest went back into the nest. A portion went to M. Cognacq's one hobby, which was collecting pictures. These he has left to Paris.

Two years ago Madame Cognacq died. Old M. Cognacq, like another husband of long ago, "for a little tried to do without her, liked it not, and died." In spite of all they have left behind them Paris is poorer for their loss, richer for their great example. They believed their lives were lent to them by God, to use in His service.

THE SIMPLE BOTANIST

An admirable little book on botany, written for those who want to know about plants in plain language, has been written by Dr. James Small, and published at 5s. by Allen and Unwin. If you love a country lane or a garden you will like this book.

STORMBOUND AT LAND'S END

MEN OF THE LIGHTHOUSE

The Voyage of the Hesperus to
the Stormy Islands of the North

SEALS ON THE ROCKS

The story comes from Land's End of two men in the Longships Lighthouse, an outpost of Britain over two miles from shore, who were weather-bound for six weeks beyond their usual spell.

That usual spell must be trying enough, as it lasts eight weeks on end, and this time the wireless receiving set had been put out of action. Before the 14 weeks were out the men had run short of butter, tea, and other necessities, and they were becoming exhausted.

Good-Night Signals

Every day their wives sent messages across the raging waters by means of semaphore flags, while each night from her window one of them flashed a "Good-night and God bless you" with a signalling lamp. At the week-ends a friend signalled the football result.

Many times the fishermen of Sennen Cove had tried in vain to carry out the reliefs and bring the marooned men home. Finally a boat belonging to Trinity House successfully achieved the feat. It took them six hours there and back. The lighthouse has a platform with a crane with which to hoist up men and provisions, but the boat could not approach near enough to use it in the raging seas. A rope had to be thrown and made fast to the boat, and the exchange was effected by pulleys.

As the weary men landed near their homes they were greeted by a cheering crowd of fishermen, and the little daughter of one of them rushed forward crying, "Bravo, Daddy; kiss me!"

Shut Up for 12 Weeks

A similar experience has befallen lighthouse-keepers on the western coast of Scotland, some of whom have been stormbound for twelve weeks.

In the teeth of a fierce gale the tender Hesperus left Oban to rescue lighthouse-keepers on the three islands of Skerryvore, Dhu Héartach, and Hyskeir. The men had sent up signals on many occasions, but the lighthouse towers were overwhelmed with waves and it was impossible to open their doors. They told an exciting story on being rescued, one of them reporting that dozens of seals were left helpless on the rocks round the towers, exhausted by the storms. They were getting short of food, but wireless helped them to pass the weary hours.

THE THAMES FLOODS

We have been asked to say what is happening to the large sums of money subscribed for the relief of the victims of the Thames floods.

Inquiries we have made show that relief is being distributed on the usual lines. The Lord Mayor, after obtaining information as to the extent of the distress, has made grants which the local mayors are distributing.

Committees of the Westminster City Council also have been making visits accompanied by assessors, dealing with damage to houses and furniture; and hundreds of cheques have been sent out to cover the damage.

In addition, food tickets for those in want have been issued through philanthropic societies, and the Salvation Army gave invaluable help immediately it knew of the disaster, quantities of goods ordered by the Army having been paid for out of the Lord Mayor's Fund.

It has now been found that the total damage of the floods was about £50,000, and the total of the Lord Mayor's Fund was about £57,000.

A PICTURE GALLERY OF OUR COUNTRYSIDE

Wonderful Britain

A WELCOME FRIEND FOR PATRIOTS AND TRAVELLERS

There is no more beautiful land on Earth than ours. It is the land that every traveller loves to see.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that there is a constant succession of books about Britain. There is no end of them. Now comes another, and for what it claims to be it is not likely to be surpassed. It is Mr. J. A. Hammerton's fortnightly issue of Wonderful Britain, a companion to his remarkably interesting volumes of Wonderful London.

In 24 fortnightly parts we are promised a magnificent collection of chapters on the glories of our Island from Land's End to John o' Groats, and a superb gallery of pictures. The stories are written by those who know their subject intimately and well; the pictures are as good as they can be.

Newest Road Maps

If we take Part I of this enthralling picture gallery we find ourselves roaming in some of the most romantic and enthralling scenes of our Little Treasure Island. We stand beneath the walls of Windsor Castle. We walk through Shakespeare's garden and by the banks of the river he loved so well. We are up on Calton Hill looking down on Edinburgh in all its glory. We follow the road to Brighton with half the motor-cars in England. We make a little visit to the great cathedrals. Highways, byways, and historic places we find on every page, and we are never disappointed in what we find.

Nor are we likely to be disappointed as the fortnights roll on, for we are building up, as we buy this book, not only a set of splendid volumes, not only a great gallery of pictures, but the very newest set of road maps for the whole of Britain. One section of the map is given away on a cardboard supplement to every part of Wonderful Britain, and on the back is an index to places specially worth visiting. This set of maps, specially compiled for Wonderful Britain, will be completed in a case as the volumes are completed, and the two possessions may be said to be cheapness itself at the penny a day which is charged for them.

THINGS SAID

Half the food Americans eat is tinned.

Lord Asquith

What would happen if we could X-ray consciences?

Dean Inge

The factory profit on a penny bun is 2s. a thousand.

Publicity Manager of Lyons

We should have thousands more visitors if we did away with hunting.

A citizen of Exeter

The great step forward in the development of life was not by competition but by cooperation.

Bishop of Hereford

I think 100-per-cent citizens ought to be locked up; they are a danger to the world.

Lady Astor

Some people in their conduct are not far removed from apes.

Vice-Chancellor of Birmingham University

Unless steps are taken most of the world's rare wild animals will soon be extinct.

Lord Onslow

Trade is feeling like a man returning to work after a severe illness and a long convalescence.

Duke of York

The Children's Newspaper gives me the most satisfaction of any paper that comes to my house.

Rev. J. A. Quail (Mansfield)

Working-men and women are nobler and wiser and of wider charity than their politicians.

Sir Philip Gibbs

CINDERELLA 300 YEARS OLD AND LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD TOO

The Fame of the Man Who
Gave Them to the World

CHARLES PERRAULT

Cinderella and Little Red Riding Hood must have been among the very first children that Peter Pan flew in upon, for they have firmly refused to grow up for 300 years. It is just three centuries this year since their creator was born.

These fairy children who are almost immortal were born in the brain of a very serious literary Frenchman, Charles Perrault, who thought of them and wrote them down to please his little son. In days that are just gone a learned mathematician, Mr. Dodgson, told the tale of Alice in Wonderland to amuse two little girls. One of them is dead now, but Alice lives on.

It was a Glass Slipper

Charles Perrault, who has given more pleasure and delight to children of all ages and all nations than many more eminent writers, called his fancies the Tales of Mother Goose. Cinderella with her glass slipper was one of his cherished heroines, and some fussy people have pretended that Perrault did not mean it to be a glass slipper, a slipper of *verre*, but a slipper of *vair*, or fur. Do not believe them. It was a glass slipper. Cinderella wore that and will never wear any other.

Also he wrote the story of Bluebeard, and there had been in France a real Bluebeard of very evil reputation and habits and a dreadful end. But no children were ever frightened by Perrault's Bluebeard, because they were sure that when Sister Anne went out on the balcony she would be sure to see the brothers riding to the rescue, and they would come in time.

Immortal Trifles

Other delightful stories Perrault told, and each of us has his or her own favourite. The C.N. writer of these lines confesses that of all of them he likes best Puss in Boots, who did so well for the Marquis of Carabas. Here is a beautiful adventure, with everything handsome about it.

Perhaps the oddest thing about all these dear companions of childhood is that Charles Perrault never dreamed that they would become immortal, and make him immortal too. He wrote rather dull poetry, and thought that was the work which would make him remembered.

Hans Andersen was like that. He thought that The Tin Soldier and The Little Match Girl and the Snow Queen were trifles. They are trifles that twinkle like stars in the sky.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL At Home and Abroad

Though the number of children in Sunday Schools has decreased by over a million in Great Britain in recent years the attendance at Sunday Schools is increasing abroad.

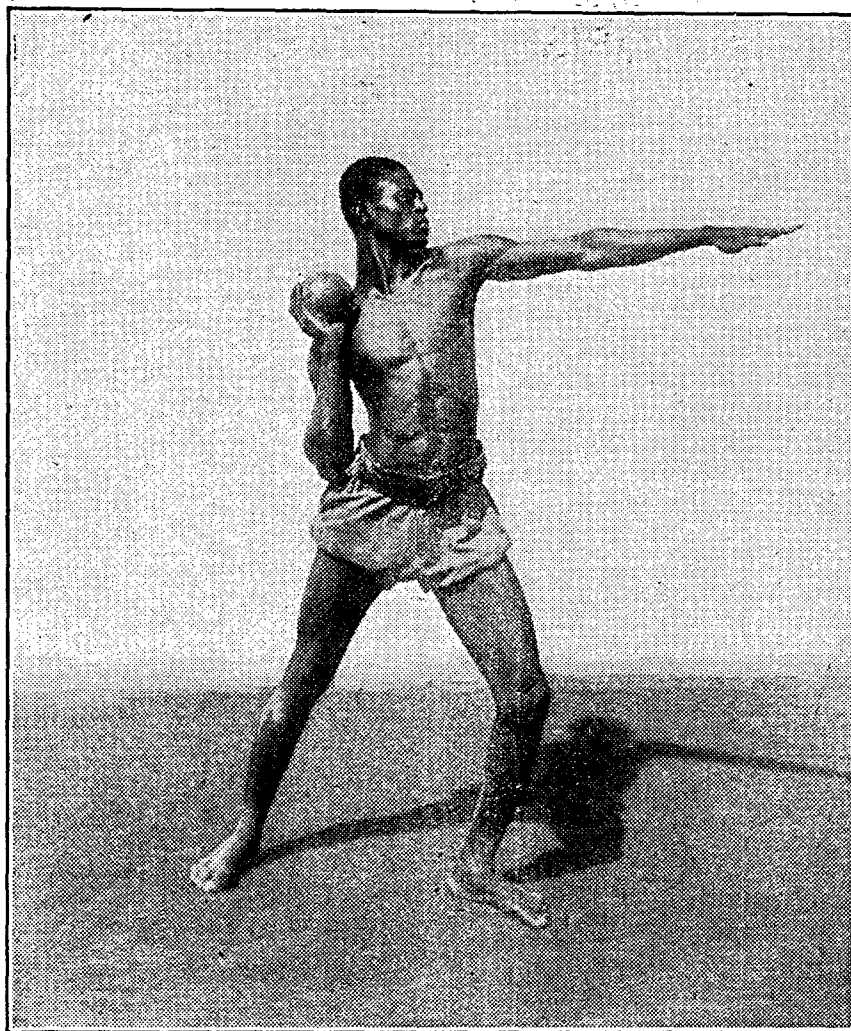
In Korea the Sunday Schools are grouped in more than 30 districts, and a conference on Sunday School work in one of these districts was attended recently by over 800 delegates.

In Ceylon over 40,000 children are attending Protestant Sunday Schools. The officers and teachers of these schools number 2850.

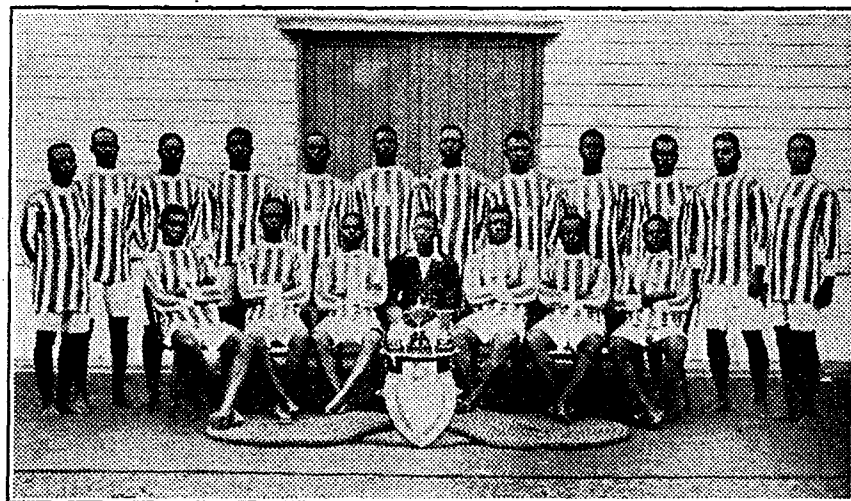
At the World's Sunday School Convention to be held next July at Los Angeles, in the United States, an attendance of 7000 delegates is expected.

Such facts as these show that Sunday Schools are still doing an enormous work throughout the world.

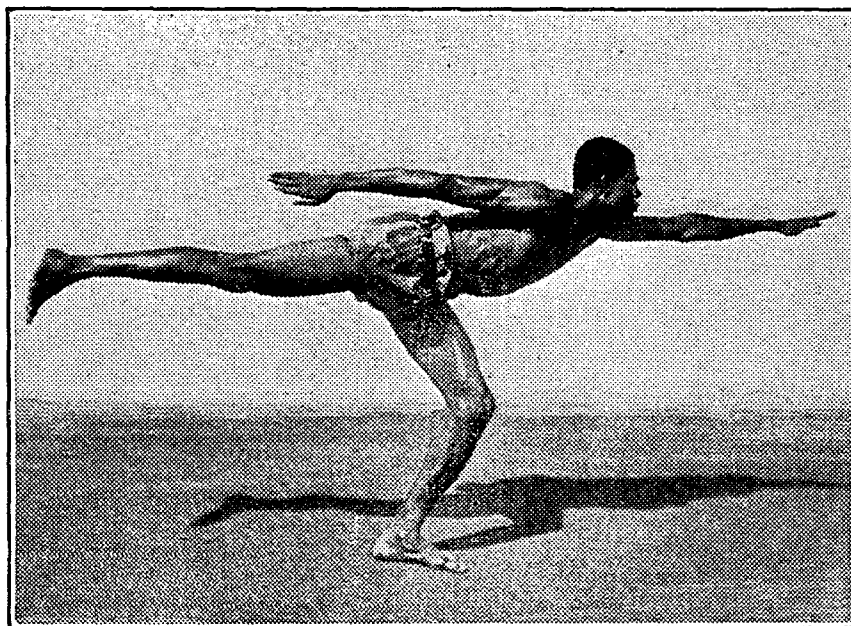
THE ATHLETES OF AFRICA



A Negro athlete putting the shot



The sports team of the school with some of their trophies



One of the students in a beautiful attitude

At Accra, on the Gold Coast of West Africa, there is a Government Technical Training School where the native students have derived great benefit from physical training under British instructors. Two of these pictures show a student whose physical development is particularly fine. His attitudes suggest beautiful bronze statues.

THE MEN WHO FACED HORATIUS HOW THEY VANISHED FROM HISTORY

The Great Mystery of the
Language of Lars Porsena

HAS IT BEEN SOLVED?

Every schoolboy knows Macaulay's magnificent poem of Horatius, a tale of the siege of Rome by the Etruscans after the expulsion of Tarquinus Superbus from the city, telling how

*Lars Porsena of Clusium,
By the Nine Gods he swore,
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more,*

and how brave Horatius kept the bridge by which they sought to advance into the capital of the new republic.

It is now announced that Professor Alfredo Trombetti, of the University of Bologna, has, after twenty years of diligent research, succeeded in deciphering the Etruscan language, and that he will communicate the details of his discovery to the Etrurian Congress which is to be held at Florence next month. If he succeeds he will triumph where an almost unbroken succession of great scholars have failed since the quest of the lost language was seriously begun, almost exactly two centuries ago.

A Vanished Civilisation

Macaulay makes young people so familiar with the idea of Etruscan habits and ambitions, ancient history tells their elders as much of Etruscan wars, conquests, and culture, and excavation brings to light so much of Etruscan art, that we seem to know all about old Etruria and its peoples. Yet, in fact, we know mysteriously little.

Many theories exist as to their origin and language. They were a powerful nation in Italy centuries before Rome existed. They gave Rome the last three of her kings, the only kings of ancient Rome that we can be reasonably certain have existed. They were masters of a large part of Italy; they made war with the Carthaginians and divided the Mediterranean with them.

Where Did They Come From?

On one side of the Messina Strait the Etruscans, and on the other the Carthaginians, made the passage so terrible to the Greeks as to give rise to Homer's legend of Scylla and Charybdis. Many wars centred on this wonderful old people with a mighty civilisation, yet the Etruscans perished, leaving only cities, sculptures, pottery, jewellery, a history whose beginning cannot be traced, a language written in books and on sculptures which no one has ever been able to read, an art many of whose secrets cannot be rediscovered.

Were they Greeks who migrated West in 1200 B.C.? Undoubtedly many Greeks were of their number, and much of their art and culture was Greek. But their language was not Greek. Probably they were a mixture of North and East. Nearly all the ancient writers declare that they came from Lydia, a land in Western Asia Minor, where the river Pactolus rolled its fabled gold to the sea, and where Croesus was the last of the line of Lydian kings.

It the Puzzle is Solved

All is mystery concerning this once mighty people, who were giants of valour and intellect in Italy while Rome was still an unpeopled swamp, dank and desolate round the Seven Hills. The Etruscans vanished from history like the conquered Carthaginians, like the cultured Moors who for seven centuries possessed and governed Spain.

They left a testament in characters which have never been read and understood until now. If Professor Trombetti has really solved this puzzle he will have regained for the student one of the lost provinces of human knowledge.

A PAPER PRINTED BY CAXTON

DISCOVERY NEAR
FLEET STREET

Printed in 1476 in the Precincts
of the Abbey

JOHN RYLANDS TREASURES

An important discovery in the world of books has lately been made at the Record Office, behind Fleet Street.

A bit of old brown vellum found there full of holes proves to be the earliest piece of printing in England to which a date can be assigned. It is what was once known as an Indulgence (a pardon for sins), issued by John Sant, Abbot of the Benedictine Monastery at Abingdon, to Henry Langley and his wife, on December 13, 1476.

When Printing Began in England

Up till now the earliest date connected with any known English piece of printing by Caxton was his English translation of extracts from Latin and Greek authors in the wonderful John Rylands Library in Manchester. We are now able to say with certainty, according to Dr. A. W. Pollard, who reports this new discovery, that printing began in England not in 1477, but in 1476, within ten weeks after Caxton had come home from the Low Countries.

This was quick work, but he probably brought his metal type and implements from Bruges; and if he did not bring his press it was so simple an affair that it could have been made and set up in two or three weeks by the assistant he brought with him. Wynkyn de Worde, his first foreman, took over the whole mechanical side of Caxton's book production, leaving Caxton free to devote his scholarly mind to the choice of books, their translation, and their editing.

Caxton's Thirty Years Abroad

Just when Caxton went abroad we cannot be certain, but it must have been after he had completed his term of apprenticeship in 1441. We know from his own writings that he spent thirty years of his life in the Low Countries, becoming a freeman of his Guild in Bruges and finally rising to the important position of "Governor of the English nation" there.

It was the custom of merchants in foreign countries then to combine for mutual aid and protection in the capital where their business lay, with a governor at their head. Bruges, lying on the high road to England, was the metropolis of trade of all the neighbouring countries, and was unsurpassed in Northern Europe not only for its business prosperity, but for its brilliant social life and its keen interest in art and letters.

Business and Literature

Caxton, as head of the company of English merchant adventurers in Bruges, had duties somewhat like an ambassador's. An official residence was provided for him, and he had entire control of all English subjects residing or trading in the Low Countries. In the interval of his official duties he seems to have found time for the literary pursuits to which he was so much attached, for in the spring of 1468 he began the translation of one of the favourite romances of that age. But it was not till 1471 that the work was completed, and in the meantime he had relinquished his important post in Bruges, probably owing to a serious reversal of fortune.

While in Germany Caxton would have ample opportunity of obtaining practical knowledge of the new art of printing which had just been perfected by Gutenberg, and on his return to Bruges he decided to set up a printing press in partnership with a skilful calligrapher named Colard Mansion, who probably cut the type. Thus it came about that

THE SLOT HOTEL

Trust the World and It
Will Pay

There is a new hotel in Texas which should suit excellently all the shy people who dislike going to the clerk at a hotel desk to book a room and feel diffident about asking a strange maid to bring a jug of hot water.

This hotel is without servants or visible managers. A guest arrives, writes his name on a blackboard, enters any empty bedroom (the key of which will be hanging just inside the door), and, having spent a comfortable night, slips a dollar in a slotted box at the entrance to settle his bill. The proprietor, who must be a man of leisure and an optimist, declares that so far he has not been robbed and people have not left without paying. Once more it is found that if you trust the world the world will pay you.

THE MAN WHO NEVER LEFT SCHOOL

At Jena, one of the most famous university towns in Germany, they have just put up a memorial tablet on a house in memory of a man who never left school.

Wilhelm Demelius was his name, and he was born early in the beginning of last century. A student of theology, he matriculated in 1827, and instead of proceeding to his degree and then taking his place in some useful profession where his studies might have been helpful, he decided to remain a student a little longer.

Demelius evidently liked the life at Jena, for he remained a student until he died, in 1873, at 70. In all he had spent 46 years, 92 half-yearly terms, at Jena, and had long since become one of the sights of the town. When he died a company of students bore his body to the churchyard amid scenes of great dignity and emotion.

We should like to be able to say that the Eternal Student, as they called this strange man, made a worthy use of his time, but that was not so. He never took his degree, he made a name as an exponent of sword-play and a drinker of beer; but that was all.

It seems a queer thing to do to put up a public memorial to a man of such a kind, but there it is for all to see.

Continued from the previous column

the first book printed in English was printed in Bruges; it was Caxton's translation of the "Recuyell of the histories of Troye," as he tells us in the quaint epilogue to that work, a copy of which is in the John Rylands Library. It bears neither place of printing, name of printer, nor date, but it must have been completed between 1472 and 1474.

The reason for Caxton's return home in 1476 was probably the anxious state of affairs in the Low Countries following on the disastrous defeat of Charles the Bold by the Swiss in June of that year. He set up his press at Westminster, within the precincts of the Abbey, in a house with the Sign of the Red Pale, and within three months he was hard at work printing. From then till the time of his death, in 1491, his press was never idle. His publications in Bruges and in England number about a hundred.

The Indulgence just found is only a broadside, not a book, printed in Latin, so we are still able to say proudly that the first book printed in England was a book in English printed by an Englishman! In most other countries the first book printed was in the Latin language and was printed by a German.

Besides his first book printed in Bruges, and his first book printed in England, the John Rylands Library has no fewer than 58 other examples of genuine Caxtons, of which 36 are perfect. There are few libraries in Europe so rich in old treasures as this beautiful temple of literature standing in the streets of Manchester.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

A Derbyshire ironmonger has bought three tramcars for £5 each.

Unemployment benefit last year cost about 23s. per head of the population.

The spade he had used for over 40 years was buried with Mr. Charles Hobson, a Lincolnshire grave-digger.

A 16-year-old boy at Reading, climbing 40 feet up a tree to rescue a cat, brought it down in his pocket.

Wilbur Wright's first aeroplane, destined for the Science Museum, South Kensington, has reached London.

A White Blackbird

One of our readers in Nottinghamshire writes that he has seen a white blackbird in Bulwell Park.

The Power of the Penny

Workmen's contributions of one penny a week amounted to £2500 for Workington Infirmary last year.

A Wonderful Typewriter

A typewriter at a recent exhibition in London types an ordinary message and reproduces it in code.

Ruined Acres

In the Lincolnshire Fens hundreds of acres of wheatland have had to be re-sown owing to excessive rain.

Helium in the Air

Sir Napier Shaw has formed the opinion that the air a hundred miles above the Earth consists almost entirely of helium.

Owl Stops a Train

An express train on the way to Leningrad was brought to a stop by an owl turning the tap of the air brake.

Aeroplane in Paris Street

A military aeroplane which had lost its way in the mist and run out of petrol landed in an outer boulevard of Paris. No one was hurt.

Coffee for the King

Many people were glad to see that the King and Queen refused the cocktails prepared for them at the British Industries Fair, and took coffee instead.

Up-to-date Leicester

Referring to a suggestion of tram routes marked by colour, a C.N. reader informs us that the system is found very convenient in Leicester.

A Tragic Memory

A survivor of the disaster to the steamer Princess Alice 50 years ago, when her small son was drowned before her eyes, has just died at 86.

Missing

Over 1000 girls under twenty were reported as missing in London last year, and all but 24 are known to have been found.

Saved from the Sea

In the gales of the four winter months three lives a day on an average have been saved from shipwreck round Great Britain and Ireland.

A Hundred Bats

Over a hundred bats were found asleep behind a Staffordshire tavern sign at Grindley Brook, near Whitchurch. They were snugly sleeping in a two-inch space between the wall and the sign.

Missing No Longer

The body of an English soldier missing in France 13 years ago has been found buried with two unknown soldiers. A photograph in his pocket has been sent to his mother at Stamford.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A set of 12 Hepplewhite chairs.	£1160
An engraving by William Blake.	£546
An engraving after Sir P. Lely.	£370
A painting by Samuel Palmer.	£283
Set of aquatints after W. G. Wall.	£262
1st ed. of Tom Jones, by Fielding.	£226
Pair of Flemish tapestry borders.	£189
4th edition of Shakespeare.	£175
Collection of nearly 200 cameos.	£100
Panel of Charles II embroidery.	£65
Edward Gibbon's spectacles.	£11
A George IV police truncheon.	£2

THE FALLEN GATE OF COLCHESTER

WHAT HAPPENED TO IT?

A New Peep at the British
Corner of the Roman Empire

WATER STILL RUNNING
INTO THE DRAIN

Colchester is a proud town today. She is laying bare some very interesting evidences of the Roman occupation about eighteen hundred years ago, and it is not every town which can do that. Soon there will be quite a lot of things which the boys and girls of Colchester can show to visitors and say, "This was once our town."

Colchester can now point to two gateways as well as a town wall and many other interesting relics of Roman Britain. The masonry of the west gateway has long been evident. Now the diggers at Holly Trees, which has become the property of the Town Council, have found the North Gateway, a sad gateway that, the arch in one huge piece lying on its face on the ground. Some disaster threw it there in the later years of the Roman life in Britain, and it was never rebuilt.

The Ancient Spring

The excavators have also found remains of public baths and floorings, and an interesting drain down which the water is still flowing. For over 600 feet from the gateway the excavators laid bare the drain which left the original town at that point, and have traced it to a huge bath or cistern which was fed from some mysterious source, probably a hidden spring. The cistern is brick-walled, with a cement floor. Water pours into it now just as it probably did when the ancient builders of Camulodunum, as the Romans called Colchester, constructed the cistern, and it flows out into the town drain as it did then. It must have pleased the Romans mightily, for if there was anything they loved it was baths, and running water, and personal cleanliness.

What Colonia Means

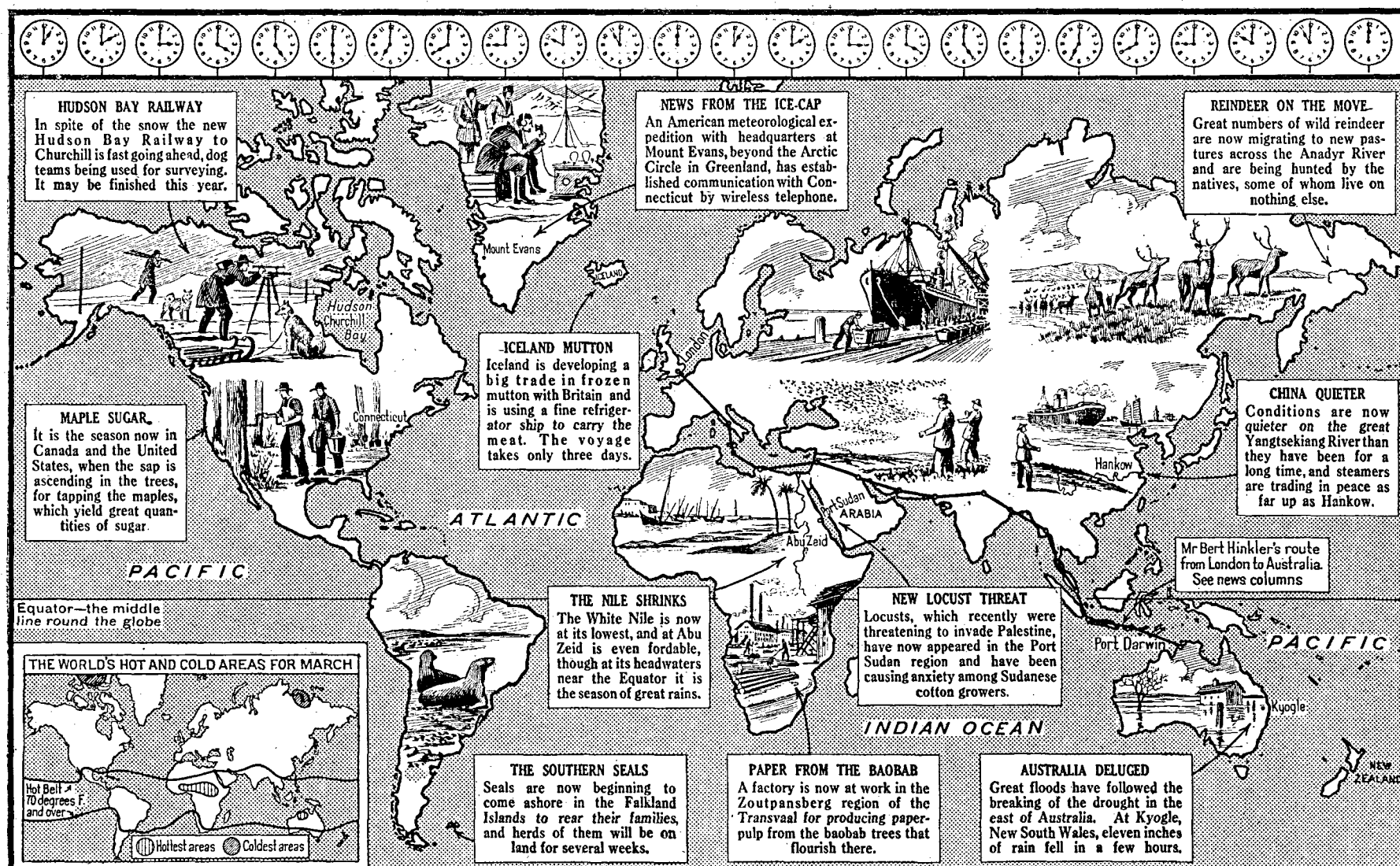
This "colonia" was the first of its kind, say the antiquaries, which the Romans founded in Britain in the first century after they had thoroughly conquered the island. A colonia was a very important town, with certain privileges of government which raised it far above other towns. It was peopled by Roman citizens, for the most part discharged legionaries. The Roman language was written, read, and spoken in Colchester, and the town was planned on the Roman lines, with streets at right angles with each other, and houses on the chessboard pattern.

The citizens had their temples, their baths (some of the brilliantly-coloured pavements of which have been discovered), and we are comforted to see that they also had their rubbish pits as well as the drain.

Where the Potsherds Went

People who live in the country know that there is only one good way to get rid of rubbish which will not burn. You put it on a wheelbarrow and take it into the wood, dig a hole and bury it. At any rate, you dig the hole. Often enough you leave Nature to do her own covering up. It seems that the Romans did something of the same kind. A rubbish pit has been found where the slaves threw broken vases, jugs, and plates. They also threw them into the drain, which was nearer. Many lovely things have been found in bits at the bottom of the drain and put together, except for a fragment or so, by skilled fingers. We feel sure, as we look at these pieces, that when the slave reported the loss of one of them eighteen centuries ago she made a little speech about it, something like "It came to pieces in my hand."

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



SHOT AT BY HER FRIENDS

An Adventure on an Ice-Floe
THE QUEER WAYS OF HUMANS

If poor Lady, a white collie, could see her portrait as it appears in the picture pages of the Detroit newspapers she would be more puzzled than ever at the queer ways of human beings. In her photograph she does wear a rather bewildered expression, and no wonder.

When a February blizzard swept Lake St. Clair, by the city, the collie by some mischance got adrift on a floe of ice broken off by the shore. It was impossible in the gale to get a boat out to her, and it seemed that poor Lady must be swept out into the wild waters to die of starvation.

There were watchers on the shore of her predicament, and as it seemed impossible to save her the police began to fire at her in order to save her from a more lingering death. But at the first shot the marooned Lady swiftly crouched down behind a ridge in the floe. A number of shots were fired. Lady did not show a hair. It was thought, it was even hoped, that a shot had killed her.

When the storm abated, two days later, a boat was taken out to the ice-pack on the lake, and there Lady was found on her floe, her feet frozen into a crevice where she had lain snug and tight, and had ridden out the gale. They had to chop the ice to get her out. They took her back and made much of her while they carefully thawed the ice away.

Poor Lady licked their faces while this was going on, and the first use she made of her released paws was to hold out first one and then the other to shake hands, as she had been taught to do. What a perfect little Lady! She is now going on well, but she will never understand why her friends shot at her.

A VERY NOBLE LADY
Annie Bullen of Bradfield

An old lady of 80 has just died who will be mourned by scores of public-school boys. She was Miss Mary Annie Bullen, matron at Bradfield College, and so well known that a poem about her appeared in Punch.

From 1881 till her death, says an old friend, Miss Bullen was a pillar of Bradfield. Headmasters went to her for advice. Parents felt absolute content in leaving their boys with her. She had a keen eye for the bully or the evil-minded, and a rough tongue for the prig, believing with Carlyle that "to have any fault is better than to be conscious of none." But she

*Helped the lonely sort along
And comforted the ugly duckling.*

Many a boy could say of the matron:
*Her word is star enough to travel by,
I count her quiet praise sufficient crown.*

Now this big-hearted lady is gone, but she has left her mark on the school and on the lives of many boys who even in manhood will turn away from doing an unworthy thing for the sake of this very noble lady.

TOO MUCH DRY AND
TOO MUCH WET

Australia's Striking Experience

One of the worst dry periods in New South Wales for many years has ended in a rainfall producing the greatest floods in living memory.

In one district eleven inches of rain fell in a few hours. Homes have been abandoned and crowded trains isolated by the washing away of the lines.

In Queensland two rivers burst their banks and the people flying to the hills left ruined homes and dead stock floating on the floods.

Yet it is an ill wind that blows no good. The majority of sheep and stock farmers welcome the rain, for it assures pasturage and water for a long time.

THE OLDEST COAL-PIT
CLOSES DOWN

James Brindley's Old Pump

The oldest colliery in Lancashire, possibly the oldest in the country, has just closed down through bad trade.

It is at Clifton, and is called the Wet Earth Colliery, doubtless with good reason. To the last day it was equipped with a pumping apparatus devised long ago by James Brindley, and it was the success of that pump which led the Duke of Bridgewater to invite Brindley to build the Bridgewater Canal.

The owners say that the plan of the pump is still the only efficient way of pumping that they know of. It is worked by a water-wheel, driven by water from a weir in the river above, carried through an underground channel to a wheel-hole in the colliery.

The colliery has been working for 187 years, and at one time employed over 700 men.

MR. KIPLING AND THE
BUSWhy His Letters Were Not
Answered

We all know that authors suffer for their fame, but the new story that is being told about Mr. Kipling exceeds all we had imagined.

A country bus service was started, and one day the bus knocked down some boughs overhanging Kipling's boundary wall. He wrote to the bus owner asking him to change the route. There was no reply, and the driver was told to knock down another branch if possible. This time a very indignant letter was sent, but this also was ignored, and the damage went on. Then came a truly furious epistle, but all to no purpose.

The bus proprietor was carefully collecting precious autograph letters by Rudyard Kipling!

THREE MILLIONAIRES
FROM ONE SQUARE MILE
Wonderful Chapter of Wealth

The great Mount Morgan mine in Queensland has just ended a very romantic history, though it is only 40 years old.

The property, one mile square, is on the site of an extinct volcano, and its 640 acres were originally secured by the Morgan family at a pound an acre. After gold had been discovered there they sold it to a syndicate for £40,000.

For their £40,000 the syndicate was enabled to mine 20 million pounds worth of gold and ten million pounds worth of copper. Its three leaders all died millionaires. The biggest educational endowment in Australia, the Walter and Eliza Hall Trust, bears the name of one of them, and the wealth of another helped to found the Anglo-Persian Oil Company.

The discovery of the copper was as accidental as the discovery of the gold. A quarter of a century ago it was found that the company had been allowing millions of tons of copper to flow away down the bed of the neighbouring river.

Now, in face of labour troubles and a greatly decreased yield, the mine no longer pays.

RESTING AND THANKFUL

After serving on the Nottinghamshire County Council since its formation Alderman Robert Mellors has sent in his resignation.

He has served his county nobly and well on its public bodies and has written many local books on its interesting parishes and its notable men. Mr. Mellors writes to the council that, in his opinion, no county is better administered than Nottingham, and in saying Goodbye he winds up his letter of resignation with these words:

And now, at nearly ninety-three years of age, I will rest and be thankful.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 10 1928

Scots Wha Hae

THREE cheers for Scotland! She is five hundred years old. Perhaps she is very much older, but after many discouraging attempts to put her in her proper place England recognised her as an independent kingdom on March 1, 1428, and the Scots have never gone back.

Since then they have travelled far. They have spread themselves over the whole of Great and Greater Britain, supplying everything from politicians to Shetland ponies and galloways. They even exported a line of kings, and if the Stuarts did not prove a great success that is perhaps why the Scots were able to spare them.

Wherever we look there is always a Scot. The national motto is *A place for every Scot and every Scot in his place*. In the words of one of their martial songs they resemble

The Cameron brave whose eye never quailed,
Whose heart never sank and whose hand never failed
Where a Cameron man was wanted.

In these five hundred years they have gone everywhere and done everything. "Where's your Wullie Shakespeare now?" asks the fervent Scot when he celebrates the birthday of Rabbie Burns, or ponders on the romances of Sir Walter Scott. A Scotsman was one of the first to reach the sources of the Nile; another Scot completed the conquest of the Nile by building the great dam at Assouan. All over the Empire he has left his mark.

And not alone in Greater Britain. It is said that a great Turkish pashia turned out on examination to be a Scot, and certain it is that one was the unofficial vizier of the Sultan of Morocco. It would surprise nobody to find another Scot installed as confidential adviser to the Grand Lama of Tibet.

It was a Scots boy born two hundred years ago, John Hunter, who became the father of modern surgery. Another gave us the priceless boon of chloroform. It was a Scots student who became the great philosopher Lord Kelvin. No science stands without a great Scottish name.

Wherever he goes he takes his skies with him. Debarred by his climate from excellence in cricket, he has persuaded half the world that golf is a great game, and the best business brains in America are paying Scots to show them how to play it.

That is perhaps the high-water mark of Scottish persistence, which, with a well-founded confidence in himself, is the tool with which the Scot opens the world's oysters.

We send him our greeting. Another five hundred years to him, and no more Bannockburns.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Open Door

This country note comes to us from a village in Hampshire.

THEY say nothing happens in our village, but the other evening at dusk an important event took place.

The village gardener passing a cottage outside which hung a tiny cage with five goldfinches in it quietly opened the cage door. Out into the evening light flew five happy birds, wild and gay in their new-found liberty.

Doing Good Quietly

LET not your left hand know what your right hand doeth.

Not all our philanthropists are anxious to see their names opposite big sums on a subscription list.

There is one good-hearted man who learned some time ago that a country home for feeble-minded girls in Gloucestershire was in difficulties. He walked into the nearest town and spent the morning collecting 200 of the dirtiest pound-notes he could find, wrapped them up in a piece of newspaper with a letter badly spelled, and persuaded a village boy to deliver the parcel at the home.

Soon after the war the same good-hearted man, estimating the value of his estate at £580,000, decided to realise one-fifth of it to buy £150,000 of War Loan, which he presented to the Government for cancellation.

The good-hearted man of both these stories is now our Prime Minister.

Cutting Space

MR. BERT HINKLER has leaped over to Australia in a hop, skip, and a jump, and Captain Malcolm Campbell has driven his record-breaking Blue Bird along Daytona Beach at 206 miles an hour.

Which is more astonishing? When we can hear people talking in Australia that distant land seems very near, but to reach it the single-handed plane passed over the cities of Europe, the desert lands of Iraq, the plains and rivers of India, the volcanoes and temples of Java, and the waters of the Indian Ocean.

Captain Campbell's car ate up space at three and a half miles a minute. It would flash from Hyde Park Corner to Kensington Palace in less than half a minute. In thirteen seconds it would have reached the Law Courts from Trafalgar Square. The Editor of the C.N. has occupied thirteen minutes over the same journey in a good motor-omnibus.

Both these travellers are cutting down the world's space. If speed continues at this rate the only distances that will count will be outside the globe altogether, and in another century the traveller will become "sister to the Sun and Moon, and brother to the stars."

Security

THERE has been some discussion of Security. We seem to have heard of it before.

There was once a millionaire who never had a happy hour for thinking he might die in the workhouse. He died of misery at 95, and left a fortune to be spent in building a stone wall round his tomb.

To the Destroyers of Our Countryside

To all these wretched people the C.N. commends the famous words of Charles the Fifth to the restorers of a cathedral:

You have built what anybody could build anywhere, but you have destroyed what was unique in the world.

Tip-Cat

FASHION writers announce a forthcoming battle between silk and wool. The result hangs on a thread.

A FAMOUS golfer has left golf for the financial world. Giving up bunkers for bankers.

BALES are said to be like battlefields. After a counter-attack, no doubt.

MANY a would-be operatic star thinks his voice will carry him over all obstacles. Thinks that if he lifts it it will lift him.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If we can post a sentry in a letter-box

fewer than two Just one or two less and where would he have been?

ANOTHER war, we are told, will break up civilisation. A civilisation which allows it deserves to be broken up.

SOMEBODY has found 200,000 useless words in the dictionary. He could have heard far more in Parliament.

BY television we can see faces 3000 miles away. But we cannot yet take a long look at them.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

ANOTHER cheque for £1000 has been received from an unknown citizen toward redeeming the National Debt.

THERE have been record sales at the British Industries Fair this year.

THE last of the 4000 slaves in Burma has now been set free.

ONE of Thomas Hardy's last wishes was that his poems should be brought within reach of poorer readers.

Not So Very Long Ago

By Our Country Girl

"BOBBED or shingled heads cost eight pounds a year," said the Country Girl, quoting a newspaper.

Keziah stopped stirring chicken food and exclaimed "Never!"

"That allows for a haircut every fortnight and two permanent waves a year," said the Country Girl. "I suppose eight pounds is a moderate estimate. Many women go to the barber once a week."

"When I first went out to service," said Keziah, "I got six pounds a year. That wasn't thirty years ago. Of course money doesn't go so far now, but it does seem wrong that girls nowadays spend more on their heads than I could earn them in a year. No wonder wages are high, when every girl is cropped."

All for Six Pounds a Year

Keziah has been in service with one family for many, many years, and it is impossible to say whether she is cook, nurse, gardener, or bailiff. So the Country Girl asked: "What was your first job?"

"General servant at the rectory, my dear," said Keziah. "I'd just left school. I did all the work of the house by myself. Mind you, work was work there. Every morning I had to carry up enough hot water for three people to have baths in their bedrooms. I ached sometimes, lugging those great cans upstairs."

"All for six pounds a year!" said the Country Girl.

An Offer Refused

"Then (said Keziah) I had a chance. One summer they let the rectory to a lady from London, and left me with the other kitchen furniture. Well, the lady took a fancy to me, and offered to take me back to London with her at thirty pounds a year. You can imagine what I felt when she named the money. From six pounds to thirty pounds! It was like a fortune. I went flying across the heath to see Father. They used to live right away on the moor in a tumbledown cottage. Dad didn't earn many shillings a week, and there were a host of us."

"They would be overjoyed."

"No. They wouldn't hear of my accepting the offer! I had meant to send money home, but Dad said he'd sooner starve than take it. He said I must stay in the village where they could look after me. 'If I was in London they wouldn't know what was happening to me, and they couldn't come to me quickly if I needed them. O, it was a bitter disappointment to me!'"

Worth More Than Money

Wonderful is the love of the poor! The child hastening over the moor was happy because she could bring money to help at home, but her parents, in spite of their great need, would have none of it. They feared that harm might come to their child in the great far-away town of London. Peace, happiness, and love were worth more than any money to them.

A MEETING IN TWO HALVES

OCEAN ROLLS BETWEEN CHAIRMAN AND AUDIENCE

The New Sort of Thing Wireless Is Making Possible OUR CLEVER ELECTRICIANS

It is a commonplace that the world grows smaller every day. But it has seldom done so much shrinking in an hour or so as it did the other day, when the British and American Institutions of Electrical Engineers held a joint meeting by wireless.

The British Institution met in its council chamber on the Victoria Embankment and the American Institute in the Engineering Society's Building in New York, where 1000 members were assembled from all parts.

Good Morning and Good Afternoon

On the table in either room was a microphone, and high above it were two loud-speakers. The English microphone communicated by land wires with the wireless transmitting station at Rugby and then with the American receiving station at Houlton, Maine, whence land wires reached the American loud-speakers. The American microphone, on the other hand, communicated with a transmission station at Rocky Point, Long Island, and then with the British receiving station at Cupar, in Fife, and the London loud-speakers. The wireless waves across the Atlantic covered 3000 miles and the land wires 1200 more.

Communication was opened with a Good morning from New York, where it was morning, and a Good afternoon from London, where it was afternoon. Then the voice of Mr. Gherardi, President of the American Institute, came through the loud-speakers saying that it would give his American colleagues great pleasure if Mr. Page, as President of the British Institution, the senior society, would act as chairman.

The Portrait on the Screen

Mr. Page replied that he felt the invitation to be a great honour, and forthwith took the chair in the London room. The chair in the American room necessarily remained empty, for human bodies cannot yet be in two places at once, like human voices; but a portrait of Mr. Page was promptly flashed on to a screen immediately above it.

Each speaker, as the chairman called on him, was represented in the room in which he was not himself present by the prompt appearance of his photograph on the screen. There was laughter at both ends when the chairman in London, in calling on the mover of the principal resolution, said, "We are delighted to have with us, in New York, General John Carty, past President of the American Institute."

The resolution, expressing satisfaction at this new form of international assembly, was seconded (in London) by Sir Oliver Lodge. It expressed the belief that the innovation would prove to be a powerful agency in the increase of international goodwill and understanding.

Possible Developments

At the conclusion of Sir Oliver's speech the chairman said, "Gentlemen, you have heard the motion. I now put it to the joint meeting. Those in favour? Contrary? Carried unanimously! That is all the business, gentlemen. The meeting is adjourned. Goodbye!"

It is difficult to imagine any limits to the usefulness of this new form of conference. Everybody feels the need of more frequent meetings of the Imperial Conference of the King's Dominions, but distance has always stood in the way. Why not Conferences by wireless, at least to prepare the way? Perhaps even the League of Nations will find a use for this new device.

LIVERPOOL SHOWS US HOW TO DO IT

A most admirable thing has been done in Liverpool. A lending library of pictures has been opened by the Merseyside Art Circle.

The members of the circle feel that you cannot understand a picture until you have lived with it, and under their rules a picture or a statue can stay in a member's house for a month. Then, if he wants to keep it, he can buy it.

All the artists of the district were asked to vote for six who should represent them, and these six, acting with six elected subscribers, form an executive committee to examine the work of the Merseyside artists. The pictures and sculptures approved are invited to be lent for circulation.

Anyone who wants to be a member of the circle pays five guineas a year, and in return has a work of art in his

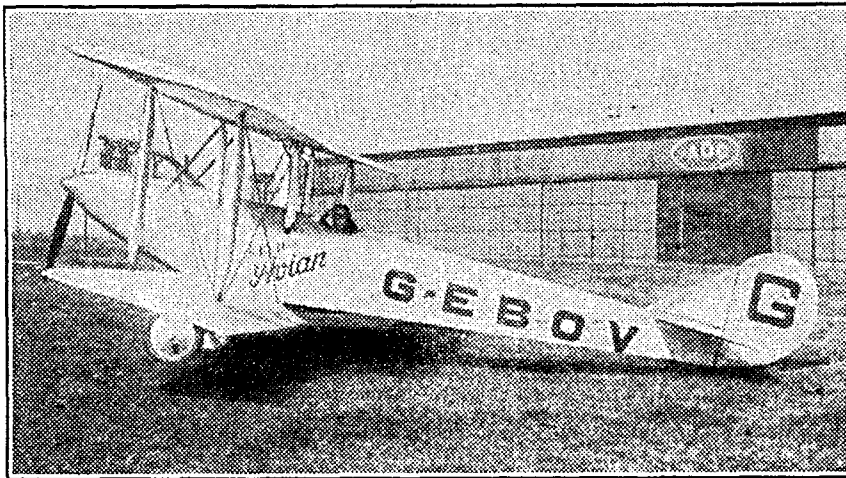
house every month. He can go to the gallery in Basnett Street and choose his pictures as he chooses books from a lending library.

A volume of photographs of works by Liverpool artists and craftsmen is sent round among the members of the circle, and each subscriber receives a present of an original print or drawing every year.

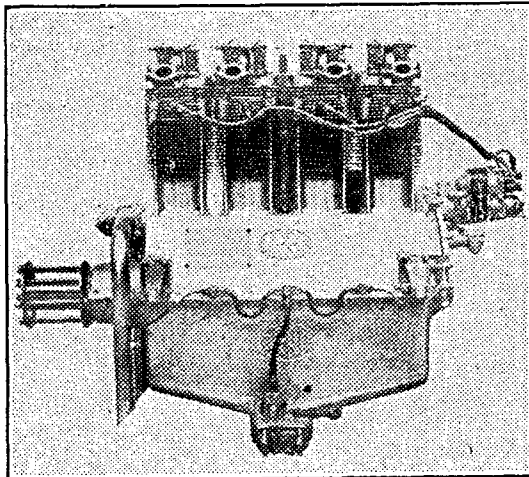
The circle has begun with 35 subscribers and hopes soon to see a hundred on the list. Part of its gospel is that it is wrong to look on art as luxury, and that beautiful things are necessary. Another splendid idea is that pictures shall go on loan to offices as well as to private houses. With this in view one member is paying two subscriptions, one for his home and one for his office.

The C.N. wishes this most admirable circle all possible success.

THE CONQUEROR



The wonderful Avro-Avian light aeroplane



The little Cirrus engine of the aeroplane



Mr. Bert Hinkler

By flying alone from London to Australia in 16 days Mr. Bert Hinkler has made one of the most remarkable journeys in history, covering about 12,000 miles in little more than a fortnight. His light aeroplane and the engine are British in design and manufacture. The story of the flight is told on page one, and the route is shown on the World Map.

AMERICA IN SEARCH OF AN ANCESTOR

SIX years ago the natural history world of America was shaken to its foundations by the discovery of a tooth in Nebraska.

It was no common tooth. It was not a milk tooth, a permanent tooth, a wisdom tooth, or even a sound tooth, as the dentists call it. But it was suspected of being something like a human tooth, and it was a fossil tooth. The dentists were not very interested, but the geologists were thrilled.

They had all been agreed, till this tooth was found, that there never had been a Primitive Man in America. No man who lived there was so old as the Reindeer Men of France, or the older beings who dwelled in the Neanderthal Valley of Europe. By the side of European man, or Asiatic or African man, the man of America was young.

But this tooth, though not quite human, was declared, after it had been scrutinised and criticised by everyone

who could set eyes on it, to be the tooth of an anthropoid ape. There were some who went farther, and specialists of the American Museum of Natural History thought it was more like a human tooth than that of an anthropoid ape. It might be the tooth of the Missing Link.

So the tooth came to be enthroned at this great museum, and the animal which was supposed to have possessed it was given the name of Hesperopithecus, the Anthropoid Ape of the Dawn.

Uneasy lies the tooth that wears a crown but has gaps in its history. Three years more have gone by and now the Hesperopithecus tooth has fallen from its high estate. The Museum now sorrowfully but firmly admits that the tooth is an impostor. It did not belong to an ape, but to an extinct wild pig.

Pork, as we know, is still one of the glories of Chicago, but America is still in search of a more noble ancestor.

UNKNOWN COURAGE OF THE POOR

A TALE OF TWO SISTERS

The Kindly Blessing of the Coroner's Box

PRIDE AND POVERTY

Two elderly ladies living in an extreme of poverty have set the world an example of how to behave. No whining for them, no asking for relief. If they had got down to their last penny with no hope of ever earning another they would have said nothing.

They lived in two rooms at Nunhead Green. One of them went to the City every day and worked there with her needle. Sometimes she earned eight shillings; sometimes even as much as 13s. a week. The other worked at a place where men's ties are made, and from that industry she earned about eight shillings a week. Somehow these two poor souls existed on that sum. They had a married sister who saw to their food now and again, when pickings were very thin. But every year seemed worse than the last. "And what shall we do when we are really old?" Miss Isabel used to say. She was 67.

The One That Was Left

The two had one horror—of the unkind world peeping at their unhappiness. Behind that was another horror, the workhouse. They said nothing. They wrapped round them a cloak of pride which had no holes, such as some cloaks people have to wear, and went day by day uncomplainingly to work.

One day there was an accident. Miss Isabel fell and broke her leg, and she died in St. Giles's Hospital. The case came up before the coroner, and then to a handful of men was revealed the noble and pathetic secret of these two women's lives. The one who was left, dazed and shaken by the death of her sister, answered the coroner's questions simply, having no idea that she was saying anything out of the ordinary.

The coroner, used to scenes of unhappiness, said little, but thought a good deal, and he thought thankfully of his Poor Box. Before the woman left the scene of the inquest she was given three pounds. Her hand shook as she took it. Was it quite right for one old woman to have as much as three pounds?

The Home Saved

She went home, to the place where there were no unkind eyes, where a lonely soul could hide away, and sat down and cried again. It was a clean little room with clean little curtains at the window. She had wondered since Isabel died if she would have to go. Now she need not. The coroner had granted her a pound a week out of his Relief of Distress Fund.

These old ladies did not want to be talked about, and so we have not given their real names. If Miss Clara should happen to see this column she will know that we have only told her story so that the C.N. might honour her, not be curious about her. She belongs in spirit to the grown-up guild of the brave poor things.

GREYHOUND TRACK AND THE PEOPLE'S POCKETS

Hundreds of Thousands Lost To a City

It is calculated that the promoters of greyhound racing have enriched themselves in Manchester by £300,000 at the expense of the bakers, butchers, shoemakers, and shopkeepers of the city.

This calculation takes no account of the winnings of bookmakers, which may be as much again or even more.

It would be interesting to know how much of these hundreds of thousands of pounds has been lost by this means to National Savings.

A LITTLE SHIVERING BOY OF FIVE

WHERE IS HE TO PLAY?

Everybody's Chance for a Golden Deed

ROOM FOR A BIT OF FUN

One cold night there came into a pleasant room in Clerkenwell a little shivering boy of five.

The room was one of the London Play Centres, cheery and warm. Outside a bitter wind was raging, and the child had no protection against it but a thin, ragged coat. The superintendent smiled at him.

"Hullo, sonny, have you come to play? You look cold. Won't Mother give you a warmer coat?"

"I ain't got no muvver," was the child's reply.

"Then Father will have to, won't he?"

"Oh, farver! 'E don't want me!" said the mite.

"Well we do. Come in and get warm."

Always in Somebody's Way

Afterwards the superintendent made inquiries and found that the child's report was true; his mother was dead, the father indifferent. The misery of his so-called home had sent him wandering in the streets; he drifted into the Clerkenwell room.

Since then he has come many times. He is one of the thousands of slum children who look on the Play Centres as something between the Kingdom of Heaven and one of the magic places told of in the Arabian Nights. In those rooms these little ones are welcomed; they can be warm, shout, and play games, and they are never in anyone's way.

This last phrase can only be appreciated when we remember that the majority of these children come from homes that consist of two rooms in which somehow a large family has to be housed. They are always in somebody's way. The street is their only playground. Hundreds of them have never played a real game before, or owned a real toy, or seen a green field. Only those who know East London know in what a barren area the children have to pass their days.

Little Mothers of Eight

The little girls have a worse time than the boys. Little girls are expected to turn to and help, and be mother to two or three younger than themselves. Little boys can go and play—do anything so long as they get out of the way. The Play Centres welcome them all, but they keep a tender heart for these pathetic little mothers of eight on whom the shadow has fallen so soon.

Now a child who is happy and care-free and can jump about in healthy conditions has a chance of growing up into a healthy and good citizen. This development is impossible in East London. That is why reformers for two generations have been dreaming of Play Centres, fighting for them, writing to the papers about them, talking in public places about them, struggling to get the sympathy of great bodies and powers like the London County Council and the Board of Education.

Money and Helpers Wanted

Their crying and their prayers have been answered to some extent. The L.C.C. and the Board of Education have given grants, and the English public, that great, warm-hearted friend of little children, has given money. There are now altogether 34 holiday playgrounds and evening Play Centres.

Most of these centres are held in the Council Schools from 5.15 to 7 o'clock. It means a considerable expense, and it means devoted labour on the part of a company of young men or women. There has to be a grown-up on duty in every classroom used. There were only eight assistants the other night at

A LITTLE LESS CRUELTY

Spain Moves Another Inch Forward

There is to be just a little less cruelty in some Spanish bull-rings.

A year ago, C.N. readers may remember, the Spanish Minister of the Interior ordered experiments to be made with padded coats (or cuirasses) for the wretched horses ridden by picadors in bull-fights. As the picadors keep their horses at a standstill, broadside on to the charging bull, the need of a cuirass is obvious. It does not save them from a tossing (which their riders avoid by a last-moment jump), but it does, if efficient, save them from being gored.

In the earlier experiments the cuirasses used proved very far from efficient, but it must be supposed that effective improvements have been made, for a Royal Decree now requires that from a given date at all bull-fights in the larger towns the horses must be protected by padded coats of a stated pattern.

We do not know whether, at bull-fights outside the larger towns, horses may still be gored to death at pleasure, but the sum total of fiendish cruelty will apparently be diminished, and that is something! Spain is a little nearer to being a kind nation and a little farther from savagery.

BOYS AND GIRLS GROWING SCARCER

One of the most vexatious results of the trade depression since the war has been the large number of young people among the unemployed.

We have refused to keep them at school, we have been unable to find them work, and they have loafed. So it is startling news (not altogether unwelcome) that the Government is expecting a shortage of juvenile labour during the next few years. The Ministry of Labour estimates that the number of juveniles at work in Great Britain is likely to fall from 2,175,000 in 1927 to 1,756,000 in 1933, a drop of 20 per cent. This, of course, is largely due to the lower birth-rate.

Naturally, the employment open to boys and girls differs very much in different parts of the country. In some places the shortage of labour has actually begun, while in others it is expected there will still be a surplus five years hence.

SOMEBODY'S GOOD DEED

A Newcastle reader sends us this little street observation.

In a Newcastle main street is a kiosk where sweets and other sugary novelties are sold. Today I saw a small child, poorly but tidily dressed, standing there with his eyes fixed on the window. A motor-car drew up, driven by a lady, and a schoolboy hopped out and ran toward the kiosk.

I thought he was about to enter, but he did not. He went straight to the small boy, passed a coin into his hand, and was instantly back in his car again.

There was no time for "Thank you!" but if the boy from the car could have seen the other's eyes as I did he must have had more reward than any cold "Thank you."

Continued from the previous column

Haggerston to look after 525 children. The Play Centres Fund Committee are wanting more assistants, more Play Centres, and more equipment. They want particularly equipment for rooms where the big boys go. In order to carry on their most important work more money is needed. Mrs. G. M. Trevelyan at the Play Centres Office, Mary Ward Settlement, Tavistock Place, W.C., will welcome anything from a thousand pounds to sixpence. Please send a mite.

C.N. COUNTRY POSTBOX

Our Country Postbox is full of interesting things and we give a few of them here.

GIVING A CAT A CHANCE

A Cheshire reader sends us this little life-study of a cat.

It was a bitter November afternoon when, on arriving home, I saw a kitten, famished, shivering, begrimed with mud, and a picture of misery, on the rug facing a glowing fire. In my haste, I said: "What a wretched mongrel! Give it a good meal and send it on its way." But the children, who had smuggled it into the house, said: "Oh, father, give it a chance!"

Soon it became a great pet, and we thought it showed remarkable intelligence. It grew familiar with the fowls and knew if any were absent, and would shepherd them into their house like a dog, with a proud and knowing air. Till it had cleared the house of mice it preferred duty at a mouse-hole to downy beds of ease.

Our neighbour became very fond of Joey, and Joey was very fond of his downy cushion in a snug armchair. But after our neighbour met with an accident, and had to walk with crutches, Joey would leave the chair without being asked, as if it understood and sympathised!

Joey is now growing old, and appreciates a less active life. Beautiful, stately, well-mannered, no one would ever imagine what it was from what it is. Once scorned and nearly rejected, it is now esteemed and respected.

A MOTHER AND HER LITTLE ONES

This natural history note comes from a Yorkshire farm, recalling Robert Burns's experience with that "wee, sleekit, cowerin', tim'rous beastie," the field mouse.

When corn had been standing in stook for some time, late in the year, a farm worker was forking some corn to a cart when he turned up the nest of a mouse containing four young ones. Sharing Burns's pity, he hastily covered up the nest again, and withdrew and watched what would happen.

The next row of stooks was some fifteen yards away. Evidently the mother mouse was dissatisfied with her disturbed nest. Quickly she emerged and made for the shelter of the next row of stooks with all her four young ones clinging to her, and safely gained another place of temporary refuge.

How did she explain to the young ones that they must cling to her and hold on? Probably this was the first time they had had such an adventure.

THREE PUPPIES

Here is a Lancashire story of a dog's devotion to its young.

A spaniel reared three puppies until they were old enough to be sold and leave their mother. They were dispersed in different directions, one of them being taken a mile away to its new home.

After the second puppy was taken away the owner of the mother dog noticed that at a certain time each day she disappeared, but presently returned. After the third puppy was taken he noticed more absences of the spaniel each day, and the curiosity of his whole family was so aroused that they watched her movements.

Then they found that during her absences she was going to each of the three houses to which her puppies had been taken, and each owner of a puppy told how, at a certain time every day, she appeared, interviewed and fondled the puppy in her doggy way, and then went off home again. The puppies showed signs of expectation as the time of her arrival approached.

These visits continued for months, and then gradually ceased. How she got to know where the puppies had been taken remained a mystery; but that she kept up her visits in a regular way was confirmed by all the owners of the pups over whom she kept such a faithful oversight.

BRITISH INDUSTRY ON A COAL STANDARD

GERMAN BRAINS HELPING

Is Old King Coal to Have a New Chance?

A GREAT POSSIBILITY

Something is being done about coal. If all goes well British industries may yet be set up again on a coal standard, and British coal-mines go up again.

The steps are not being taken by coal proprietors or by financial magnates, but by studious and spectacled chemists in laboratories on the Rhine and in the Thames Valley. They are, as the tale is told by the Government Research Committee, trying to find a way to turn coal into fuel oil. It can be done. If it can be done cheaply the mines will be set on their feet again.

Coal as Valuable as Ever

In the nineteenth century Great Britain became the richest country in the world because, with her coal-mines and iron side by side in the industrial North, she could manufacture iron and steel and machinery cheaper than anyone else. Other manufacturers in other countries ate into her profits, but her great source of fuel remained, easily accessible. The Coal Standard was more to her than the Gold Standard.

Then came petroleum, no better than coal for many things, but better for some, and more easily carried. When machinery was invented to use oil as fuel the supremacy of coal began to wane. In the nineteenth century the watchword of the world was We Want More Coal. In the twentieth the words have been added: Oil Will Do as Well!

The whole world is seeking for oil. It is certain that coal will never become worthless. It is really no less valuable than ever it was. It costs more a ton. But if all the coal that is mined, good, bad, and indifferent, could be converted at will into oil-fuel, every pound of coal in the British Isles would be valuable. Great Britain would have found a gold-mine. It would be better perhaps to say that she would find the best oil-mine in the world. The Income Tax would come down. The National Debt would be paid off. We might forget the War.

A Good Beginning

At present there is still a long way to go, but the journey is well begun. We have wisely taken the German chemists into partnership with our Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, and between them they have shown that a large proportion of selected British coal, treated with hot hydrogen under pressure, can be turned into liquid fuel. What remains to be done is to accomplish this on a commercial scale.

It surely will be done. Sometimes lamentations are heard that Great Britain has no great water-power to convert into White Coal, but there will be no cause for deploring our loss of White Coal if we can convert our coal into Black Oil.

THE MAN WHO PLOUGHED STRAIGHT

There has been a discussion in America as to which is the longest furrow ever ploughed.

There are several records of settlers who ploughed unbroken furrows of a mile or more to divide off their estates, but the record is surely held by George de Cow.

He was a Government land agent and had to decide where a road was to be made between Meade and New Ulysses, two towns in Kansas. In 1885 de Cow fastened his plough to a wagon and with the help of a compass ploughed a furrow from one city to the other sixty miles long.

The road is still there, and it shows that the good man ploughed straight.

MARCELLO MALPIGHI

The Man Who Found the Corpuscle

HIS GRATITUDE TO ENGLAND

Marcello Malpighi, who was born three hundred years ago (on March 10, 1628), is to many people only a name, but the Editor of the C.N. was a little surprised to hear someone say that Malpighi was forgotten because he never got on the films.

It was only a few years ago that we saw a real Malpighi film. It was a film which showed the red corpuscles moving and jostling one another in the blood. Malpighi the Italian was the first man to find the blood corpuscles and to describe them.

That was not the only thing he did. He was born a month before the great William Harvey described to the doctors of the College of Physicians his discovery of the circulation of the blood, and got little thanks for his pains. But Harvey's fame was not to be bounded by England nor kept down by the jealousies of his brother physicians. It spread all over Europe, and Malpighi was one of the men it inspired.

Harvey's Prediction Fulfilled

He had far more serviceable microscopes than the little English doctor, who had been tutor to the children of Charles the First, and had sat under a hedge reading his notes at the Battle of Edgehill. Malpighi made good use of his implements. He found, and saw through his magnifying lenses, the marvellous spectacle of the blood coursing through the smallest blood-vessels, the capillaries. Harvey had predicted it, but had never seen it. Malpighi laid the foundation of our knowledge of these tiny blood-vessels which in every adult human being extend to over 60 miles in length. It was four years after Harvey's death that the Italian doctor first saw them through the microscope.

He made other discoveries, one of which had to do with the structure of the lungs and led the way to an understanding of the way we breathe, and how oxygen is conveyed to the blood. Malpighi became physician to the Pope. He was always grateful to England, and left to the Royal Society an account of all he had done and thought.

MENDING A BROKEN BOY

A Tale of a Doll's Cot

The hospital authorities were very sorry, but what could they do? There was not a single bed vacant, so they could not take in the day-old baby boy with the broken leg.

But just before this decision was announced to his father, a labourer, the nurses had an inspiration. There was a big doll's cot in one of the children's wards, and hastily turning out the doll they declared there was a bed vacant!

So the baby has been admitted to the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital; and when he goes back to his parents in a few weeks' time he will have two straight limbs—thanks to a doll's cot.

THE FIDDLE THAT PLAYS ITSELF

A sonata by César Franck was played the other day in Paris on a wonderful mechanical violin.

This violin has been made by two French engineers, who have been working for ten years on its development. It has a number of keys which press the strings like the left-hand fingers of a player, and a revolving bow which can not only touch any string, but can allow of different degrees of pressure. It is driven by two motors, one of which takes the place of the player's arm, the other imparting the swift movements of the wrist.

The mechanical fiddle plays with an uncannily human touch.

TWELVE MILES OF SHOP FRONT

BRITAIN TO THE WORLD

What Our Industries are Doing in These Hard Times

THE BIRMINGHAM AND LONDON FAIR

They have been holding once more the Parliament of Industry in the workshop of the world. In other words, the British Industries Fair has just closed.

The Fair is held every year at Birmingham and London, and while the Birmingham Section, which is much the bigger of the two, includes the heavy engineering groups and a host of things mechanical from all parts of Britain, London has been showing the products of the lighter industries.

Foreign Buyers

A wonderful Fair it has been, eclipsing all others in size and in the number of visitors, who came from every climate in the world. They came to see what Britain is making and how much we want for our goods, and many of them will soon go on to the great Leipzig Fair to compare British products and prices.

The Birmingham Section was so large that the stands placed end to end would have stretched eight or nine miles. With the London stands added, the distance would have been 12 miles, so we may say that Britain has been showing 12 miles of shop front to the world.

Impressive it was at Birmingham to gaze down one long avenue after another with hundreds of stands on either side; to see the foreign buyers and hear the ringing of strange tongues; to witness all the busy commotion of demonstrating and selling.

There were thousands of interesting things to see. We saw the smallest and the largest incandescent mantle in the world, the smallest about a quarter of an inch high, the largest (intended for a lighthouse) looking like a woman's jumper without sleeves. We saw six-inch rods of steel twisted like string into knots, and machines which slice solid steel as easily as a knife cuts cheese. There were machines for doing work in the air, in the sea, in mines, and for a thousand purposes on land.

Safety in the Mine

What pleased us greatly was the progress toward making the work of the miner a little safer. There were electric safety lamps, which will automatically switch off if the glass breaks, so that the glowing filament is not exposed to dangerous gases, and improved mines signalling apparatus. We saw a safety cash box which rings for hours if a burglar touches it.

As we went round the Fair, trying not to be bewildered by the great variety of things on view, we thought how all this teeming activity springs largely from man's inventive desire to make things, a desire which every boy has in him.

AS TIGHT AS HERRINGS.

Denmark's Good Fortune

Denmark has just experienced the biggest catch of herrings recorded within living memory.

Aabenraa Fiord, in South Jutland, was crammed full of them. Day after day the catches reached half a million pounds in weight, and the fishermen allege that an oar thrust in among them would have stood upright!

The thrifty Danes, when they had packed all available boxes, began to fill railway carriages with herrings to convey them to the curing factories.

Where the herrings came from, and what caused this tremendous concentration, nobody knows. In future, when Danes wish to describe a dense crowd, they will talk of people being packed as tight as herrings in Aabenraa Fiord.

THE BLACK CLOUD

AND THE SILVER LINING

Our Million Unemployed Not a Standing Army

HOPEFUL SIGNS

Our million unemployed are a sad and sombre fact, but even this black cloud has its silver lining.

A little while ago we called attention to Lord Gainford's account of the 850,000 workers absorbed in new industries who must otherwise have been joined to the army of unemployed. Now Mr. Baldwin has been pointing to other hopeful signs.

He reminds us, as indeed the C.N. has pointed out more than once, that this million is not a standing army of unemployed without hope of getting work. It is never quite the same million. At least half at any moment have been in employment quite recently and have every hope of regaining it soon. Others have never been accustomed to do more than irregular work. The permanently unemployed are quite a small class.

The Rise in Wages

Some of the most widespread unemployment is among the miners, but even here in twelve months 30,000 men have found other work away from the mining districts, in brick-making, transport, chemical industries, and engineering; and a Commission is investigating further means of finding suitable alternative employment for miners.

Another hopeful sign of the times to which Mr. Baldwin calls attention is that weekly wage rates have gone up 70 and 75 per cent above the figure for 1914, while the average hours of labour have dropped from 54 to 48 hours a week. This means that the actual wages per hour are 90 to 100 per cent higher than in 1914, against an increase of only 68 per cent in the cost of living.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

Has London Always Been the Capital of England?

No; under the Saxons Winchester, then spelled Winte Ceaster, was the capital.

What is a Grintern?

It is a Dorset dialect word meaning a compartment in a granary. Thomas Hardy uses it in his Wessex poems.

When Was the First Census Taken in Britain?

In 1801. In 1753 it was proposed that one should be taken, but Parliament refused its consent.

What is the Cause of a Mirage?

A mirage actually shows a real scene. It is due to the rays of light being bent as they travel through layers of air of different density, so that things below the horizon appear above it.

Is It True That Jesus Was Born on December 25?

No one knows the date, or even the time of the year. That shepherds were watching their flocks in the fields at night suggests that the date was not likely to be December or winter at all.

Why Do We Yawn?

We yawn when tired or bored. In such states we are not breathing as deeply as we should which means our blood is not getting enough oxygen. Part of our brain then gives an order for a deep breath to set matters right, and we yawn.

How Long Ago Was the New Year in England Begun on January 1?

In 1752 the Gregorian calendar was adopted in England, and at the same time the beginning of the year was changed from March 25 to January 1. The days from January 1, 1751, as formerly counted, were reckoned as belonging to 1752.

Who Was Aristotle?

A great Greek philosopher, born at Stagira in Macedonia, who lived from 384 to 322 B.C., studied under Plato, and became tutor to Alexander the Great. Only a fifth of his writings has survived, but this fifth well earned Dante's description of Aristotle as "the master of those who know."

SEARCHING FOR A NEW WORLD

BEYOND NEPTUNE

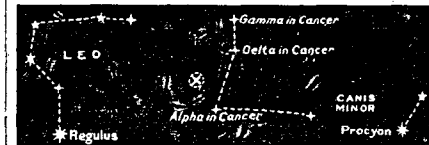
Unknown Planet Detected by Mathematics

WHERE COMETS COME FROM

By the C.N. Astronomer

The constellation of Cancer lies between the small constellation of Canis Minor (described in the C.N. for February 18) and the stars of Leo, described in the C.N. for January 7.

Cancer, the Crab, is midway between these constellations, and its chief stars, none of which is bright, will be easily identified with the aid of the star-map.



Calculated position of the supposed ultra-Neptunian planet, marked with a cross

Cancer is at present due South about 9 o'clock, and at that time is two-thirds of the way up from the horizon.

This region is of particular interest just now because the American astronomer Professor W. H. Pickering has calculated that if a planet exists beyond the orbit of Neptune it may be found in the neighbourhood of the spot indicated on the star-map. This is a little to the South-East of the Aspes, the two fourth-magnitude stars Gamma and Delta in Cancer; these appear about six times the Moon's width apart.

That worlds belonging to the Solar System exist far beyond Neptune there is little reason to doubt. For the orbits of certain comets require that there should be planets which revolve near their remote aphelion regions, at the other end of their long oval orbits, just as Halley's Comet is associated with, and influenced by, Neptune.

Some of these far-off regions of space, to which particular comets recede before they return again to the Sun and our skies, are two or three times as far away as Neptune, which is 2793 million miles from the Sun.

Then, again, there are some irregularities in the motion of the planet Uranus unaccounted for by the attraction of Neptune and the other planets; this implies the existence of some undiscovered world with sufficient gravitational pull to retard and accelerate the speed of Uranus.

Marvellous Calculations

This great unknown sphere may be 3000 million miles away or more from Uranus, yet the influence of such a body can be detected and measured by the exact mathematics of astronomy in a marvellous way. This was how Neptune was discovered in 1846, through the independent mathematical calculations of Adams and Leverrier.

When, in the course of the next 82 years, Neptune completes the first revolution of his orbit since he was discovered, astronomers will have become better acquainted with his varying motions, and be able to calculate with greater precision whence the perturbing forces come. So far Neptune has travelled just halfway round his orbit since he was discovered; he is now only about twenty times the Moon's apparent width away to the left of where the unknown world is calculated to be.

Professor Pickering has applied his calculations to such data as are so far available, and finds that this is the most likely region of the heavens in which to seek this Ultra-Neptunian planet. He estimates that it will appear of 11½ magnitude, but as, according to Russell and Lowell, the mass or amount of material in this supposed world is not half that of Neptune, it is hardly likely to be so bright.

G. F. M.

ST. PALFRY'S CROSS

The Tale of a
Lost Inheritance

By
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 19
Célestin Chapelland

DAVID had no trouble in finding his way, for the little road into which he stepped found it for him. On the right it showed him Le Fayet deep down below, on his left a slight and narrow ascent.

He followed the ascent. It led him past silent hotels, which were open only from June to September, when Parisians and others would come for the high mountain air, through a tiny thoroughfare flanked with trees and on to a fountain, a church with a gilded spire, and shops beginning to wake from the long winter's lethargy.

He came to a stop and gazed round. Although the innkeeper at Le Fayet with whom he had left Martin had told him that one or two of the hotels in the village remained open through the winter for winter sports the three or four he had already passed were closed. So if Roach were staying up here there must be another at least. But where was it?

While he was wondering whether to walk on or to inquire it occurred to him how strange it was that the only familiar face here would be Roach's face; how queer that the man whom he had last seen in Cornwall more than three months ago should be near to him in these unfamiliar surroundings. And at that there rushed over David the strangest sensation, a sudden sense of his enemy's actual proximity. It was uncanny. He could feel Roach, quite close.

He turned his head and perceived a little way off a figure which was moving in his direction with the slow, deliberate tread of the mountaineer.

It was Roach.

The riding breeches had been exchanged for dark trousers laced from knee to ankle with thick, black puttees; the smart, burnished footgear had given way to heavy boots heavily nailed and sodden with grease; in place of the well-cut coat was a loose, shaggy jacket with its collar turned up above a bare throat; a black skull-cap flat to the head completed the picture. But all the same it was Roach. David could not mistake him.

Then David swung round and, darting back down the street, he dived into the first open door that he came to, where he crouched as Roach turned into the street and advanced at a quickened pace toward his hiding-place.

Only conscious that his shelter was a small room of some sort flush with the pavement, David drew farther and farther back from that open doorway, rallying all his faculties against Roach, the sound of whose nailed boots came steadily on. Across the road a jeweller's shop could be seen, and now he heard Roach call out good-day to the jeweller. Then the light was shut off from the doorway. David held his breath, crouching.

And then Roach had gone past without so much as a glance.

As David rose with a thumping heart from his stooping position and let his breath out in a gasp of relief a quiet voice uttered "Won't M'sieur be pleased to sit down?"

He gave a start and swung round. A man sat by a little table, regarding him.

David almost reeled; the shock was so great. For although he had been too absorbed with Roach all the time to take his eyes off the door he had never suspected that anyone else was there nor heard the slightest sound except his own breathing. So the blood rushed to his face in shame and confusion; but as he was beginning to stammer out an uncomfortable apology the quiet voice intervened for the

second time. "If M'sieur will have the goodness first to compose himself."

Bewildered that his reception was so little hostile the trespasser dropped limply into a chair, and during the respite given him to collect his thoughts ventured to glance timidly round the room. It was so small that he reckoned six strides would have taken him across it; on the walls were maps and charts of the mountain, with photographs of glaciers and summits. The floor seemed of hard pinewood bitten by nail marks. A pair of crutches leaned in one corner.

And that was all, except for the chair he was sitting on, a table with a cheap inkpot, a pen, and some paper. Then David's glance returned shyly to his silent companion.

He found himself looking into a pair of grave, searching eyes, nobly framed by large and reposeful features. From the broad, high forehead the hair had begun to recede; the nose was large and clean carved; the mouth revealed by a thin and drooping moustache was firm, but as sensitive as a beautiful woman's. The head was set on splendid shoulders and chest.

But it was the eyes which gripped David most. For they were like the great, mild eyes of St. Bernard dogs, so serene, so gentle, so wise, yet so strong in courage. David had never fallen under the gaze of such eyes before. He had the feeling that no danger could appal them, and no suffering, however terrible, cause them to flinch.

This sense of the other's personality was so overpowering and unusual that David sat staring without knowing that he was staring. When he came to himself he dropped his gaze guiltily.

"M'sieur will explain now," he was invited. "Many come into Chapelland's little bureau but such entrances as yours are hardly the rule."

"I was trying to avoid someone," faltered David.

The other must have read his perplexity for, pushing across a printed memorandum sheet, he pointed to the words:

BUREAU DES GUIDES
CÉLESTIN CHAPPELLAND, Chef des Guides

David's eyes filled with admiration. He had read of the Alpine guides, that magnificent brotherhood second to none in valour and physical endurance, who lead climbers through the perils that lurk on the summits, risking their lives as a matter of course for their clients.

And on this came another thought which made his heart leap. Had Providence led him very close to his quest? For who so likely to tell him where his cross was as this man who knew every peak of Mont Blanc?

"Is it that M'sieur has business?" Chapelland asked. "It is quite by chance that my office is open today, because the ascensions have not begun yet. The climbing, it cannot begin till the snows are less troublesome."

Striving to keep the excitement out of his face, David inquired eagerly when that would be.

The other shrugged. "Next month. If this weather lasts. But M'sieur speaks French very well," he continued. "Although perhaps M'sieur is not French?" he added courteously.

"No, I'm English," said David, staring again but this time at the lapel of Chapelland's coat in which a wisp of faded ribbon was stitched. "Oh, isn't that," he whispered, "the Legion of Honour?"

The calmness of the old guide's face was not stirred. "Ça va," he uttered, smiling at David's enthusiasm.

Afterwards, when he came to know Chapelland well, David was to hear the story of heroism that had won for this gentle-voiced and gentle-eyed man the proudest decoration that France can bestow.

A little upset lest he had appeared inquisitive, David sent his mind back to his companion's remark that it was only by chance his office was open. So he started on a new tack, thinking of Roach. "Then, people can't come and see you here every day?" he said timidly. "I mean the climbers who come and ask for a guide?"

M. Chapelland shook his head. "Not till next month," he answered. "But why do you ask?"

"I was wondering—could you tell me something?" breathed David. "At your service, M'sieur," answered Célestin Chapelland.

CHAPTER 20
Interrupted!

BUT as Chapelland said this David saw his face troubled at last. He looked as a man will look who is cudgelling his memory for some name or some place or some incident, something that should be well remembered but is not. His expression changed.

"A moment, if you please, M'sieur," he entreated. David kept silence.

"I am trying to think, M'sieur, of whom you remind me?" "My name is Keddie," said David, in the loudest tone he had used yet.

The effect on Célestin Chapelland was amazing. For first he gave his brow an emphatic slap, and then exclaimed, "Bêtise! But I should have known it!" Next he made a hasty movement to rise, but subsiding, with a glance at the pair of crutches, he stretched across the table and seized David's hand. "My faith, your voice is your father's voice!" he exclaimed.

"And your face is your father's! Say then, how is he?"

"He is dead," returned David, very much wondering.

Célestin Chapelland inclined his head for a moment. "I climbed with your father," he said next. "When he was a young man he and I climbed together. He made his first ascent of the summit with me, and many's the bivouac we have made on some shelf of the rocks while he smoked his pipe and told me stories of England." The mild eyes shone. "Ah, that one, he was a man! And that one, he was my friend!" cried Célestin Chapelland.

Then a strange thing happened to David; it was as if within him some barrier was breaking, letting loose a flood of longing to confide in this man. He had come here without a friend except old Martin,

and lo! it seemed that Providence had conducted him to the one who had been his father's friend.

While he pondered this in agitation, from the other side of the table those calm wise eyes watched him till next it seemed that his thoughts even lay bare before them. Or what should make Chapelland murmur, "Écoutez donc, mon ami. You may trust me."

But he motioned David to rise first and close the door, with a gesture of apology toward the crutches. Then David understood what the crutches were doing there. They were Chapelland's: his friend was a cripple.

So instinct sent his glance to the wisp of red ribbon, and the other intercepted the glance and read it. "Mais vraiment!" he uttered gently. "One cannot have everything."

And that was all the gallant man ever uttered concerning the terrible injuries he had endured in the act of devotion and valour which won him his cross.

"Yes, I can trust you," cried David, and poured out his story.

Except that his breath came a little faster, Chapelland showed no signs while the tale was being told and at its end preserved a long silence that sent David into a fever of apprehension. What a queer story to pour into such solemn ears!

"You do believe me?" he burst out. "I'm not inventing it." "The English, they do not lie," uttered Chapelland gravely. "Patience. Let me think for a moment, mon ami."

If ever David knew the bite of suspense it was then.

At last the chief of guides sighed. "Nay, I know not your cross. Twenty-five times before our small misadventure"—he turned his head toward the crutches with a slight shrug—"have I made the grand ascension but never has one whispered to me of Saint Palfray."

Miserably David's face fell. Chapelland watched it.

"But courage!" he exclaimed. "I will ask of my guides. All of them, guides and porteurs, must come to Chapelland's bureau for their engagements. Of them I will ask very secretly. We shall succeed."

Already surprised enough by the quiet acceptance of his story David stared, wide-eyed, with a great gasp of "We!"

"Surely, for the father's friend is the son's friend. Is it not so?" The gentle gaze was positively twinkling now.

Thrilled to the core by this wonderful pledge of alliance David was stammering out some inadequate thanks when a warning gesture cut him short as the latch of the door gave a rattle as though someone were trying it. But it did not lift, immensely to David's astonishment.

"A little contrivance of Chapelland's," breathed his companion, surveying his astonishment with amusement. "See this string at my elbow! It runs from the door round the wall, so that when the latch is down I only can raise it. Very practical when one would not be over-disturbed." He drew a key from his pocket and gave it to David. "Quick! Open that!" he whispered, pointing to a tall cupboard which stood against the wall behind his own chair. "Put your head inside and be busy arranging the papers. Be sure you do not turn round if I address you."

The latch was shaken again with impatient violence and a voice shouted "Anybody inside here?"

David was up in a flash and busy at the cupboard, his back to the room.

"Ready?" Chapelland whispered. "Quite ready!" breathed David. His friend twitched the string. "But enter—if you please!" he called in a loud voice.

Into the little apartment strode Lawyer Roach. "This is the bureau des guides?" he demanded aggressively.

"At your service, M'sieur," bowed Célestin Chapelland.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Great Song Writer

A NUMBER of writers will be remembered for centuries because they wrote one or two songs. Some of them wrote much besides the songs by which they live in the minds of later generations, but few read their other writings. The world, however, cannot let their songs die.

One of these poets, who lived and wrote in times of war, was so admired for one long poem and a few war songs that when he was only twenty-eight years old the Government gave him a pension of £200 a year, and he lived to enjoy it for nearly forty years. Those songs are still in nearly all the books of selected poems, and their writer ranks as an admitted poet, though his longer poems, popular as they were in his day, would not have given him any such fame.

He was a Glasgow Scot. As a student at Glasgow University the poet was regarded as likely to make a name for himself. Already he had begun to write verse. When he left the University it was necessary he should at once earn his own living, and this he did as a private tutor. His work led him into travel with his pupils, particularly in the Highlands, and the beauty of the country and its romantic legends helped to keep his thoughts fixed on poetry.

Then he thought of studying the law and went to Edinburgh for the purpose; but the publication of a successful poem when he was only twenty-one led him to think that writing poems was his true work. Also he made friends of clever men, including Sir Walter Scott. All his life he had the power to make friends of clever men.

His next step was to travel in Germany. There he saw war, stern war, battle with cavalry charges, as he looked forth from a monastery window. It was, too, the time of war at sea, the time of Nelson. Returning home to Edinburgh, he wrote brilliantly of what he had seen. He now settled in London and began writing for the newspapers, continuing Smollett's History, and editing the British poets.

Really his work was now done. He published, when he was thirty-one, another long poem in old-fashioned style and an American setting which sold well, and up to his death in his sixty-seventh year he was busy writing, lecturing on books, and editing; but this work has left little trace. In short he never quite succeeded. Yet he was buried in Westminster Abbey, and no



one objects, for his few patriotic songs, written when he felt the full flow of life around him, remain among the most vigorous and stirring verses in our language. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



Heaven Send You All Good Fortune



THE BRAN TUB

A Puzzle in Rhyme

I AM, dear reader—let me see,
I am a flower, a shrub, a tree;
A bird, a beast, a man, a woman.
Is this relation strange, uncommon?
All this is singular, I own,
But am I singular alone?
So or not so, I claim, you'll see,
Sometimes to have plurality.

Answer next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Solenodon

There are two species of Solenodon, the Haytian and the Cuban. The Haytian Solenodon is about the size of a small rabbit, and its body is covered with long, coarse fur of a brownish colour. The habits of the Solenodon are much like those of a pig, for it burrows into soft ground with its flexible snout in search of insects, grubs, and reptiles, its chief items of diet. It feeds also on fruit and other vegetable substances.

How the Davy Lamp Got Its Name

THE miner's safety lamp is named after its inventor, Sir Humphry Davy. The principle of the lamp is that the light is surrounded by a fine wire gauze, which prevents the light setting fire to the dangerous gases which may be in a mine and would explode if they were ignited. When the little flame in the lamp flares up the miner knows that the atmosphere has become dangerous.

A Word Square

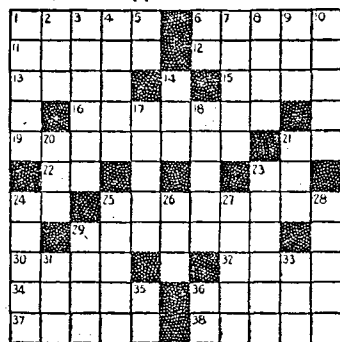
THE following clues indicate four words which, written one under the other, will make a square of words. Each word, of course, has only four letters.

A climbing quadruped. Comfort. Small poisonous snakes. That which is left.

Answer next week

Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 46 words or abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. The clues are given below and the solution will appear next week.



Reading Across. 1. To grant. 6. Land measures. 11. To cause to remain. 12. Consecrated. 13. A monster. 15. A preposition. 16. The Emerald Isle. 19. Greedy. 21. Note in scale. 22. Near by. 23. In like manner. 24. Part (abbrev.). 26. Increase. 29. Robbed. 30. Land surrounded by water. 32. Girl's name. 34. Prophets. 36. To show contempt. 37. Encounters. 38. Members of the horse family.

Reading Down. 1. Onward. 2. A limb. 3. A lasso. 4. Periods in cricket. 5. You and me. 6. A sailor (abbrev.). 7. To hold on to. 8. To tear. 9. French for Fast. 10. Fourteen pounds. 14. The adopted son of Mohammed. 17. The last part of the ode. 18. Caper. 20. A rodent. 21. Denotes excess. 23. Moves to one side. 24. Part of a spectroscopic. 25. Attentive. 26. A cave. 27. Thirteen to nineteen. 28. Approaches. 29. To run away. 31. To perceive. 33. Shelter. 35. A boat (abbrev.). 36. Part of the Empire (abbrev.).

Other Worlds Next Week



as seen looking south at 8 o'clock on the morning of March 14.

IN the morning the planets Venus, Mars, and Saturn are in the South-East. In the evening Jupiter is in the West.

The picture shows the Moon

A Puzzle Proverb

HERE is a well-known proverb from which every alternate letter has been left out. Can you guess what it is?

D-O-B-D-O-T-E-A-E-S-R-I-E-

Answer next week

Is Your Name Stayman?

THIS name is made up of the two words Stay and Man, stay being a modern spelling of staitte, or stathe, a landing-place. The ancestor of the Staymans, therefore, was a man who lived near or looked after a landing-place, probably on a river.

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE golden-crested wren sings. The blackbird and the raven sit on their nests. The black ant appears. The peacock butterfly is seen. The aspen, laurel, common stitchwort, and wood anemone come into flower. The common elder and the gooseberry are in leaf.

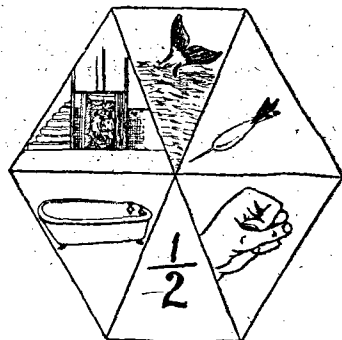
Ici On Parle Français



L'ajonc Le groom La robe

Les ajoncs sont des arbustes épineux. Le groom tient la bride du cheval. La fillette mettra une robe neuve.

Hidden Flowers



FIND the names of the objects shown here, and then by taking one letter from each word make the names of (1) a favourite autumn flower, (2) a flower whose name suggests frugality, (3) a low, spreading plant grown on rockeries.

Answer next week

Things Just Patented

We have no further information about the new patents which are illustrated here.

A Simple Step-Ladder. Here is a handy pair of step-ladders which can be quickly folded to occupy just a small corner.

The two parts are hinged together at the top and are further connected by iron links near the base. Attached where the links join is an upright bar having a handle at the top, and on pulling this handle upward through a hole in the platform the steps are made to close.



A Two-Legged Table. This little table will be found useful by people who are fond of sitting by the fire-side when reading or writing. It consists of a table-top to which is hinged one pair of legs only, the other side of the table being supported by the user's knees. On the underside of the table is a pivoted support which may be adjusted to rest on a chair while the table is left for any purpose.

Jacko Goes on a Visit

JACKO was staying with his Aunt Matilda. And a fine time he was having. She tipped him handsomely, and there was not a play or a picture in the town that she hadn't taken seats for.

But the old lady gave him a severe shock one morning by saying that she intended to take him to tea that day with her dear friend Miss Bodger.

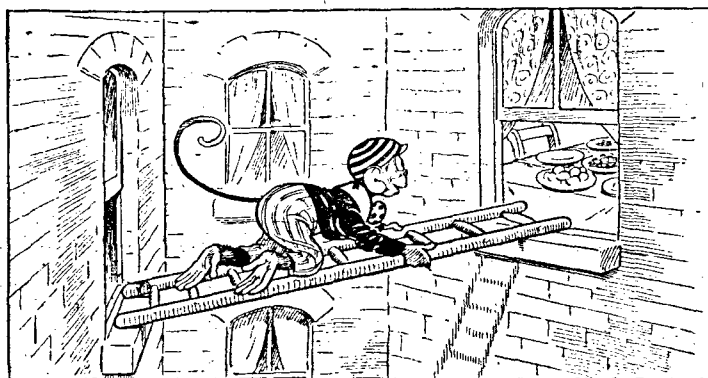
Jacko scowled. No prim tea-parties in an old maid's parlour for him!

He gave the matter some thought and then said he didn't feel very well and was sure he'd be better at home.

"Not well!" exclaimed his aunt in a flutter. "My poor child!" And, taking his hot, sticky hand, she cried: "Feverish! You must go to bed, my dear. Quiet and careful diet; that's what you need. How pale you are!"

Jacko felt pale. What did she mean by careful diet? If he were going to be starved perhaps it might be better to face the tea-party.

But he didn't get the chance. Aunt Matilda had him in bed in no time. And kept him there all day.



He set it across from one window-sill to the other

Late in the afternoon she carried a little tray to his bedroom. "I'm going now, dear," she said; "I'll be back before you need the lamp."

Then, having carefully drawn the curtains and put the room in utter darkness, she went out.

As the door shut behind her Jacko jumped out of bed, jerked the curtains apart, and began scrambling into his clothes.

He glanced at the things on the tray and snorted.

"Bread and butter and wishy-washy tea!" he said indignantly. "Not for me, thank you. I guess there's something better in the larder."

But on his way to the door he stopped. From his window he could see into the flat opposite.

The room that faced him was lit up by a cheery lamp. As he watched the door opened and an old gentleman came in carrying a huge tray, and began to lay the supper.

"What a supper!" murmured Jacko, standing with his eyes glued to the ham and the sausage rolls and the huge apple dumpling that were put down, one after the other, on the little table.

"If he eats all that," said Jacko softly, "he'll get indigestion for a week."

And then from the table Jacko's eyes travelled to a long ladder that the window-cleaners had left behind them. As soon as the room opposite was empty Jacko hauled up the ladder, set it across from one window-sill to the other, and climbed over it.

By and by Aunt Matilda came home. "Why, my dear," she said, "you haven't eaten your tea!"

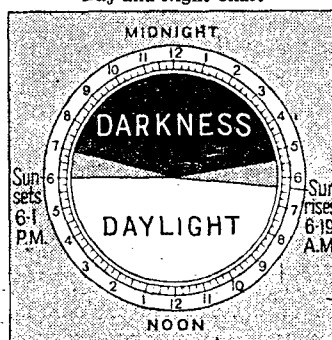
"I don't feel hungry," replied Jacko, smiling contentedly.

Do You Know Me?

YOU'LL find me in hostess and also in guest,
You'll find me in second and also in best,
You'll find me in mildew and also in damp,
You'll find me in lantern and also in lamp,
You'll find me in paper and also in print,
You'll find me in helpful and also in hint,
You'll find me in towel and also in soap,
You'll find me in cordage and also in rope,
You'll find me in metre and also in pole,
Many a signal is sent by my whole.

Answer next week

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

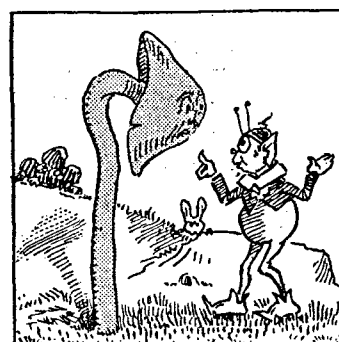
DR. MERRYMAN

Down the Engine-Room Tube

OFFICER on the bridge (much put out): Is there a blithering idiot at the end of this tube?

Voice from the engine-room: Not at this end, sir.

Three Inches in a Night



THOUGH I am tall I am not straight,
The Toadstool told the Elf.
That means (the wise old Elf replied)
You've overgrown yourself!

The Angel and the Ass

AS a dandy was walking down a narrow passage he met a girl, and said to her: "Pray, my dear, what is the name of this passage?"
"Balaam's Passage," she replied.
"Ah, then, I am like Balaam, stopped by an angel."
"And I," rejoined the girl, "am like the angel, stopped by an ass."

His Intentions Were Good

THEATRE Box Office Keeper: Tickets for tonight? Yes, sir. Box or two stalls?

Farmer Giles (up from the country): What d'you mean? Do you take us for a pair of horses? Two seats in the dress circle, please, and none of your impudence.

Doubly Wrong

BRITISH Tripper (in French picture gallery, to his friend): What-o, Sammy, what price this one?

Frenchman (who thinks he understands English, and has overheard): Pardon, m'sieur, eet ees not Watteau, and eet ees not for sale.

A Large Order

VERY Stout Customer (ordering meal in the grill-room): And put me on a pancake, please!

The Oscillator

From the B.B.C.'s Picture Gallery



He amuses his friends by making whistling noises in the loud-speaker.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Puzzle Word. Circumstance.

Changeling

Long, lone, lane, lame, lamp, lump, jump

A Riddle in Rhyme A Double Diamond Word Puzzle

Atmosphere C

Word Square ERR

WORD BROAD

OB OE ACT

RO AN O

DENT ODE

A Transposition DRILL

Range, anger ELL

A Changed Word

Bat, cat, fat, hat, mat, pat, rat, sat, vat

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

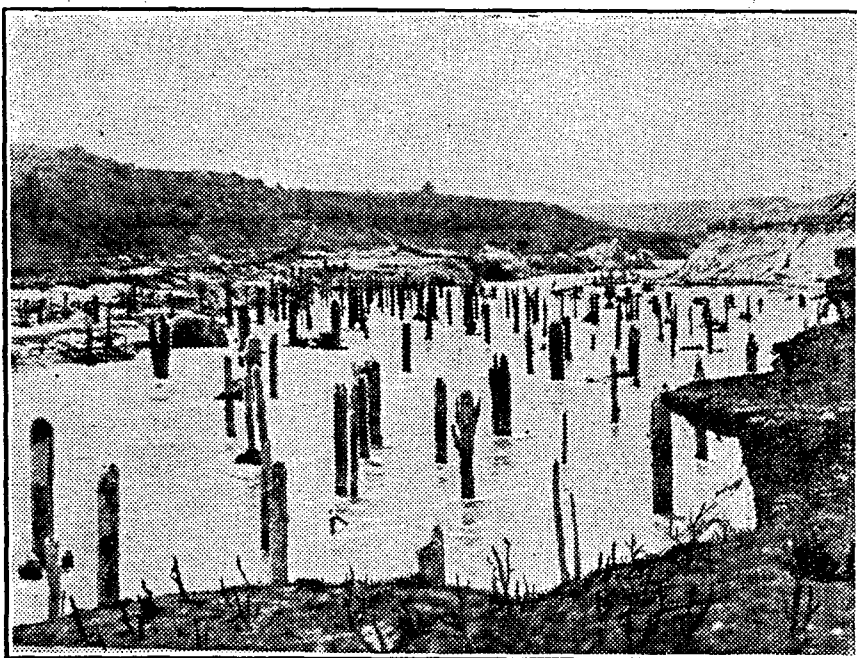
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

March 10, 1928

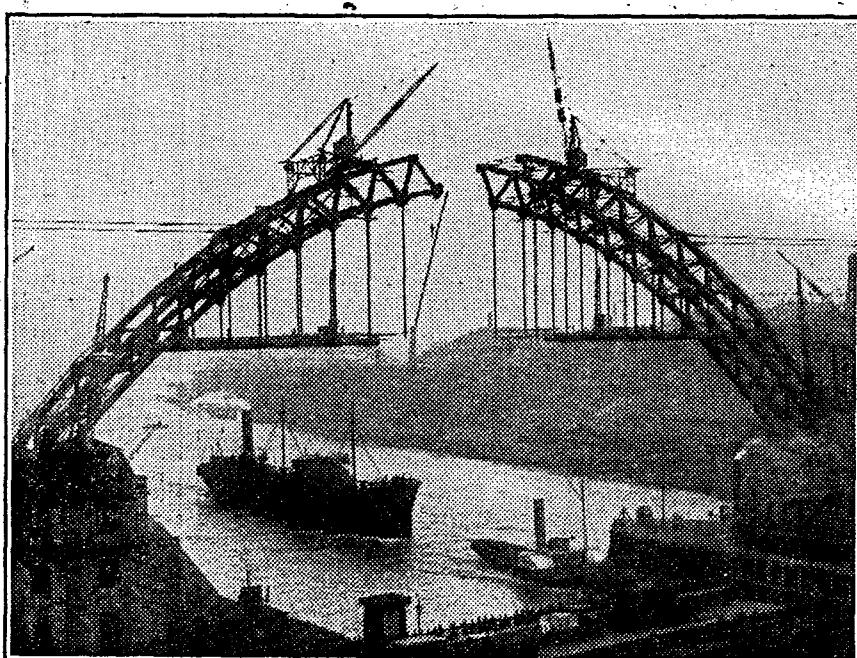
Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada, for 14s. 6d. a year; Canada, 14s. See below.

BURIED FOREST REAPPEARS • A BEGGING EAGLE • HOW A SWAN FLIES



Buried Forest Reappears—The Waikato River in New Zealand has been harnessed to supply electricity. Part of the scheme was to divert the river into a new course, and when this was done the water washed away the earth from the buried stumps of trees that grew there long ago.



An Engineering Marvel—A steel bridge costing a million pounds is being built over the Tyne at Newcastle. As we see here, the two halves have been constructed simultaneously on each side of the river, and they were supported by cables until they joined in the middle. See page 2.



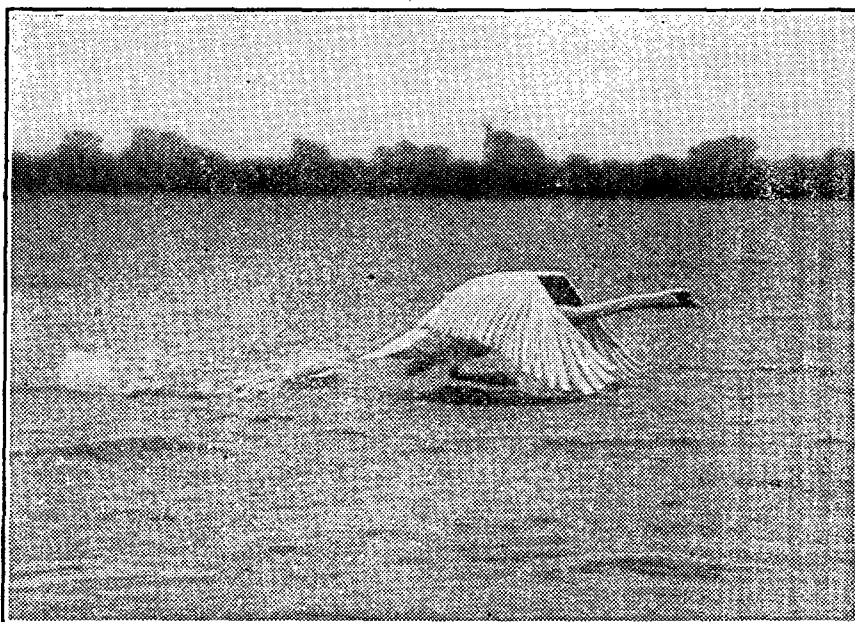
A Giant Rabbit—One of the biggest toys ever made is this rabbit, which was shown at the British Industries Fair in London.



Yeomen at Buckingham Palace—When certain royal ceremonies are taking place the King has a bodyguard of Yeomen of the Guard, and this picture shows a party of them marching into Buckingham Palace. The Tower Warders, who wear a similar uniform, are a distinct corps.



An Eagle Begs—A little visitor to the London Zoo has taught a Bateleur eagle to beg from her, as may be seen in this picture.



A Swan in Flight—This picture from Hickling Broad, Norfolk, clearly shows how a swan uses its webbed feet as propellers when it is in the act of rising from the water for a flight.



Sunshades as Sails—Holiday-makers at Long Beach, California, have found a novel use for big parasols, which make splendid sails for canoes when the wind is light and the sea is calm.

THE PAST THAT DOES NOT DIE—READ THE ARTICLE IN MY MAGAZINE FOR MARCH

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these Agents: Canada, Imperial News Co. (Canada), Ltd.; Australasia, Gordon & Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency. R/R